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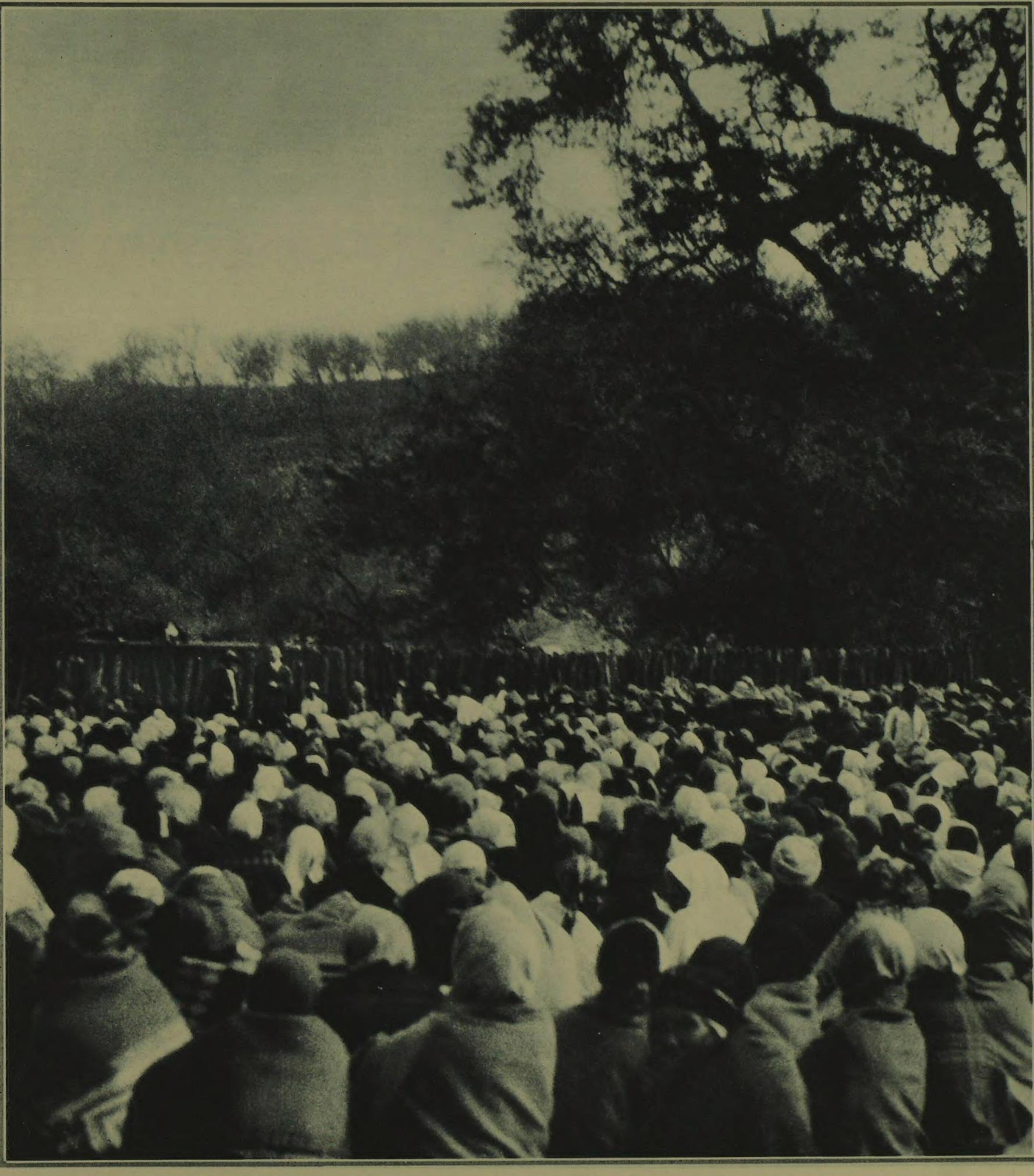
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1933.



THE CASE OF TSHEKEDI AND THE FLOGGING OF A WHITE MAN: THE CHIEF (BACKGROUND; LEFT) ADDRESSING A TRIBAL ASSEMBLY AT SEROWE, AT THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS SUSPENDED FROM OFFICE.

When it became known that Tshekedi, the Acting Chief of the Bamangwato Bechuana, had sentenced a European to be flogged, it was immediately decided that an inquiry should be held, since no person of European descent may legally be dealt with by a Bechuana court. Vice-Admiral E. R. Evans, the Acting High Commissioner, left Simonstown on September 11 to conduct the inquiry at Palapye Road (the scene of the offence), escorted, as a precautionary measure, by a force of 100 Marines and

100 seamen. The inquiry was held on Sept. 13. Tshekedi and Phineas Mackintosh (the white man sentenced to be flogged) gave evidence. Tshekedi's case was that Mackintosh was a person of loose morals who, by living as a native with native women, had forfeited European status. At Serowe, the capital of Bechuanaland, on September 14, Admiral Evans announced the temporary suspension of Tshekedi from his chiefship. Tshekedi's mother then appealed to the King to restore him.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

GENERAL LUDENDORFF, the eminent Prussian commander, was reported the other day as saying these words: "I repudiate Christianity as not appropriate to the German character." The remark set me thinking, especially about the general absence of thought, and a growing division in mankind upon that matter. To me it seems very much as if I were to say: "I deny the existence of the Solar System as unsuited to the Chestertonian temperament." In other words, I cannot make any sense of it at all.

I do not here distinguish against the poor General because he is a German General, though Germans really have a way of overdoing these things which is rather peculiar to themselves. I do not maintain that all Prussians are pigs; but I do say that their peculiar disposition to go the whole hog makes them appear, to those opposed to them at the moment, more roundly and completely hoggish. When Mr. Bernard Shaw declared, in his debates at the beginning of the war, that there was no difference between the Prussian and the English aristocracy, and that an officer in the Prussian Guard was neither worse nor better than an officer in the Horse Guards or the Grenadier Guards, I pointed out at the time that the plain facts were against him. That a British officer might conceivably be more of a fool than the Prussian officer; that he might be a stupider or a wickeder man; that he might even in his secret heart be a prouder man—all that is quite arguable. But that British officers do not draw their swords on waiters or spurn ladies into the gutter with their spurs is not arguable; it is certain. There is, as a hard historical fact, a different culture and code of manners in the two countries, whatever may be the spiritual and interior truth about any individual in either.

And this distinction, as I also pointed out previously, is rather specially true in this matter of the choice or recognition of a religion. I think it not unlikely that there are venerable English warriors, respected in the club and in the camp, whose views on theology, if any, would not be expressed with the subtle wit of Pascal or the compact logic of St. Thomas Aquinas. I take it that there are many such dear old boys whose use of theological language is mostly of an exclamatory and emotional description, and is often directed rather to moving Acheron than to bending the gods. Or, again, I have no doubt a good many of them would be even avowedly sceptical and hostile to the creed of their fathers, and would say the same sort of thing that poor Ludendorff said; only that they would express it still more vaguely by saying: "Got no use for religion, myself"; or "Never let the parsons kid me." But if anyone says that these keen sceptics or profound rationalists are just the same as General Ludendorff, that their rejection of Christianity is exactly like his rejection of Christianity, then I say that it is nothing of the sort. There is a separate type and tradition, and it is easily tested.

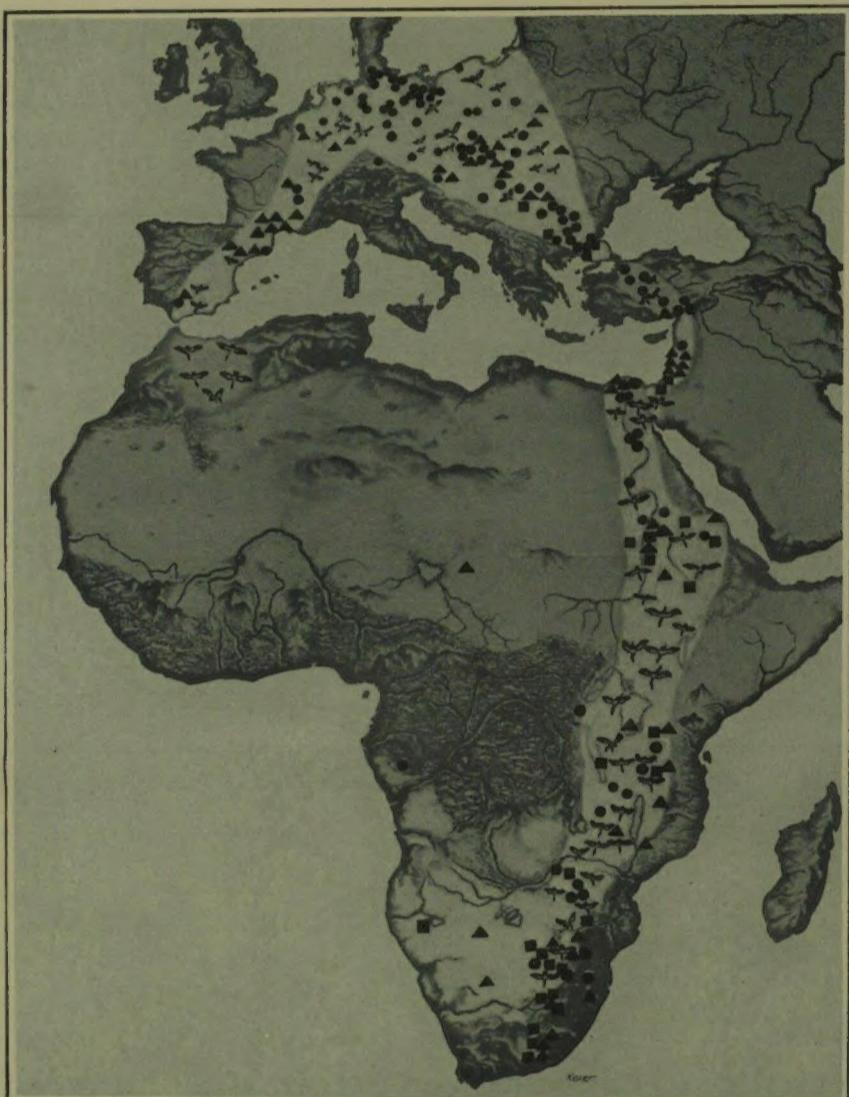
If you tell me that Earl Haig or Sir Henry Wilson went round England with a brass band, just after the war, advising everybody to worship Odin and Freya and Thor, because a religion of peace was inappropriate to the English character, I say they did not. If you say that the most violent materialist or the most scoffing sceptic among the dear old Majors who have quarrelled with their parsons were afterwards found erecting rude wooden altars, wreathed

with oak and mistletoe, at which a true Nordic people might worship the heathen gods of their Norse piratical ancestors, I answer that they were not. Yet Ludendorff himself, a Marshal who had swayed the huge marching armies of a mighty empire and held the lives of millions of men in his hands, did actually end by doing this very thing. It is easy to call him erratic, but he cannot have been a fool; and even a fool, if he were an ordinary English military fool, would never have turned to lunacy like that. The point to seize is that even the real resemblances that have at certain times existed between the English and the Germans, the influence of some past alliances,

often manage to say what he means, and therefore does not really mean what he says. But General Ludendorff, when he asks a mild Saxon professor in spectacles to go down suddenly on his knees and worship Thor, does really and truly mean what he says. When Herr Hitler says other things on other subjects, which sound to us quite as extraordinary, he does really mean what he says. Like every other real difference, the difference can be turned round and regarded from either point of view; can be described in terms that belittle or terms that exalt. We can call that temper the presence of sincerity; we can call it only the presence of solemnity; we can call it simply the absence of sanity. But it is unquestionably the absence of a certain sort of levity; a sort of grumbling laughter that rumbles in the inside of the old Major at the club and of most other Englishmen also; and does mean, in the majority of cases, that his bark is worse than his bite. It is represented, as I have already remarked, by the somewhat familiar fact that he uses the most lurid diction of demonology for entirely trivial occasions. The Major in the club is not a diabolist or a devil-worshipper because he begins half-a-dozen sentences with: "What the devil—." But the Hitlerite is much more like a devil-worshipper, because he does really worship the German God.

Newman, I think, remarked very truly that good generally fails by falling short of itself and evil by overleaping itself. Whether or no it be a fair application, it is certainly true that the Prussian soldier may take the Swastika on his flag only too seriously; while the English soldier may take the Cross on his flag not seriously enough. The blunders or wrongs that result from both faults may often seem very much the same, and yet the faults are fundamentally opposite. Even the revolt against religion is the revolt of two different religions, or perhaps of two different irreligions. And yet, in spite of all this, there is one thing in which both revolts are the same, and even both rebels very similar, having been born in the same epoch out of some of the same experiences. And that is in the bottomless muddle-headedness of what they actually say.

I need not go back at this stage to what the distinguished Prussian Pagan did actually say. It is more precise and priggish in tone than the vaguer version of the same thing which would be given by our own heathen in our own happy land. But what in the world does it mean? "I repudiate Christianity as not appropriate to the German character." You are, by hypothesis, discussing whether a certain theory about the whole nature of things is true. You are discussing whether the world did begin in a certain way; go wrong in a certain way; find help to go right again in a certain way; and whether it will end in a certain way, whether we like it or not. And the answer is not that the theory is false, but that it has not been



THE MIGRATION OF THE STORK: A MAP SHOWING THE TWO ROUTES TAKEN BY EUROPEAN STORKS ON THEIR AUTUMN MIGRATION—THE WEST OVER SPAIN, AND THE EAST OVER THE LEVANT—A RECORD OF OBSERVATIONS DRAWN UP TO ILLUSTRATE THE ESSENTIALS OF THE PROBLEM WHICH THE ROSSITEN EXPERIMENT WITH MIGRATING STORKS WAS DESIGNED TO ILLUMINATE.

The Eastern and Western routes followed by the migrating storks are clearly indicated by the white bands on the map. The black marks indicate spots where ringed storks have been found (black circles for birds from Denmark; triangles for those from Germany; and squares for those from Hungary). The details of the ambitious experiment staged by the Rossitten Ornithological station (East Prussia) will be found on pages 466 and 467 of this issue; with photographs of the storks being released. Briefly, young storks bred at Rossitten, in the East, were transported to Essen, in the West, and released there. It was hoped to discover whether these young birds would follow the route usually taken by storks in the Essen area, namely, the Western route; or whether some hereditary urge would drive them to take to the Eastern route followed by their own ancestors and relatives from East Prussia.

Reproduction by Courtesy of "Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung." See also Pages 465, 466, and 467.

of some parallel religious experiences, of some old ramifications of royal families, of some very modern hypotheses about race, of some consolidation as well as competition in commerce, of some similarity of ambition in colonisation—the point is that even these are resemblances relatively superficial, covering differences that are very much more subtle.

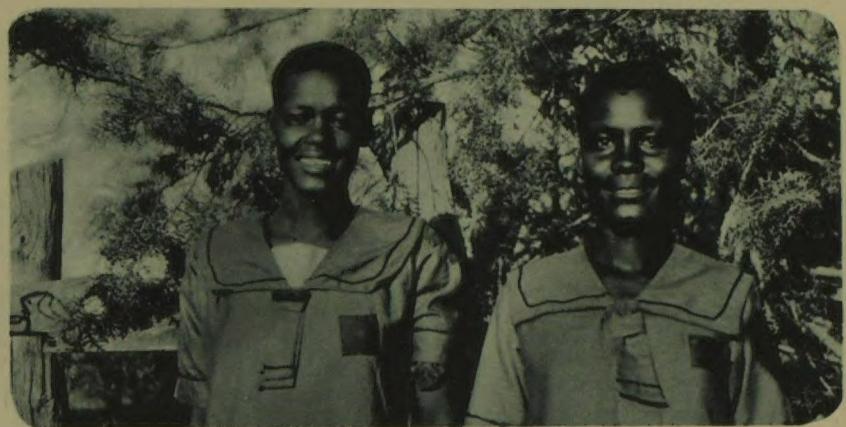
There is something positive in the Paganism of Germany which is merely negative in the Paganism of England. The red-faced old Major in the English club has a sort of frivolity even in his fury. He does not

specially composed to suit the taste or temperament of people living in a particular marsh, or half-way up a particular mountain, or along the shores of a particular inland lake; or in any local atmosphere which may or may not improve the faculties for finding the truth. It does not matter whether the statement is a statement of fact; it only matters whether it will instantly fit into the mood now filling the mind of the people in Tibet or Tooting or Ballyhooley or Berlin. Men give that sort of reason, if you can call it a reason, for rejecting Christianity; and then they go off and complain that Christianity is so anthropocentric!

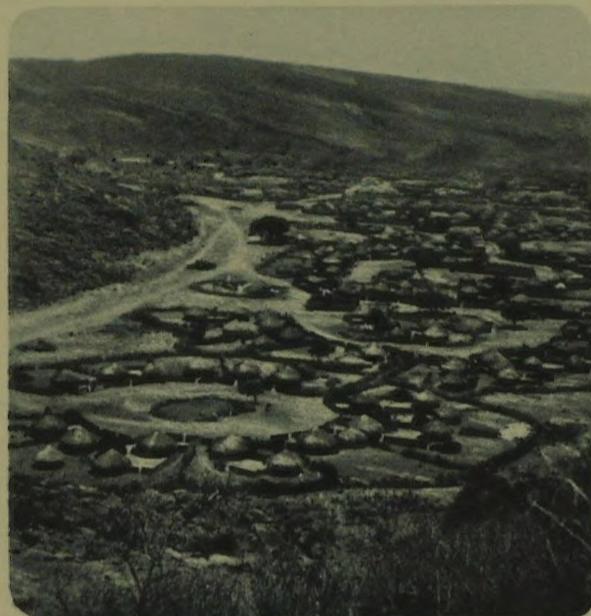
THE BECHUANALAND FLOGGING CASE: CHIEF TSHEKEDI SUSPENDED.



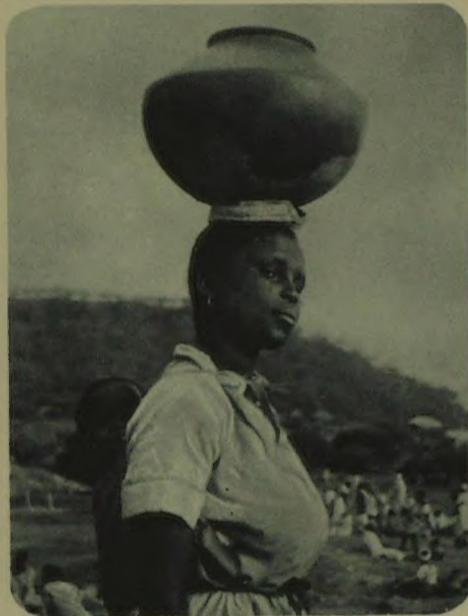
SERETSE, THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO, AND HIS MOTHER, TEBOGO: THE NEPHEW OF TSHEKEDI, WHO, UNTIL HIS SUSPENSION, WAS ACTING AS REGENT FOR HIM.



GIRLS OF SEROWE, THE CAPITAL OF BECHUANALAND, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE GIRLS' LIFE BRIGADE: TYPES OF BAMANGWATO NATIVES WHO SHOWED THE GREATEST INTEREST IN THE TSHEKEDI CASE.



A TYPICAL BECHUANA VILLAGE; EACH FAMILY WITH ITS OWN HUT AND ENCLOSURE, AND (CENTRE) A COMMUNAL CATTLE KRAAL, VISIBLE FROM EACH HUT.



A BAMANGWATO WOMAN AND CHILD AT SEROWE, DESCRIBED AS THE LARGEST PURELY NEGRO TOWN SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.



(ABOVE)
THE HOUSE OF
TSHEKEDI, THE
SUSPENDED
CHIEF, AT
SEROWE (RIGHT
CENTRE): FOR-
MERLY THE
HOME OF A
EUROPEAN
TRADER.



A FAMILY ENCLOSURE IN A BECHUANA VILLAGE, SURROUNDED BY ITS STOCKADE: THE GRANARY (LEFT); THE HUT FOR GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS (CENTRE); AND THE HUT FOR PARENTS AND SMALL CHILDREN (RIGHT); WITH A COOKING ENCLOSURE BETWEEN THE HUTS.

ACTING CHIEF TSHEKEDI, KING KHAMA'S SON, WHO WAS SUSPENDED FROM OFFICE BY ORDER OF VICE-ADMIRAL EVANS AFTER AN INQUIRY, AND BANISHED TO TATI.

THE case of Tshekedi, Acting Chief of the Bamangwato, and the flogging to which a white man was sentenced by his native court, aroused great interest in South Africa and at home. The case raised issues of importance in countries where native chiefs administer their own districts. The Bamangwato are the most important tribe in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The negro peoples of the Protectorate, which is not to be confused with the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland annexed in 1895 to the Cape of Good Hope, are ruled by native chiefs under the protection of the King, who is represented by a Resident Commissioner, acting under the High Commissioner. Less than 2000 Europeans live in 275,000 square miles of the Protectorate.

A REVOLUTION LED BY A SERGEANT: THE CUBAN CRISIS.



DR. DE CESPEDES: THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF CUBA; FORCED TO RESIGN AFTER THREE WEEKS' UNCERTAIN TENURE OF POWER.



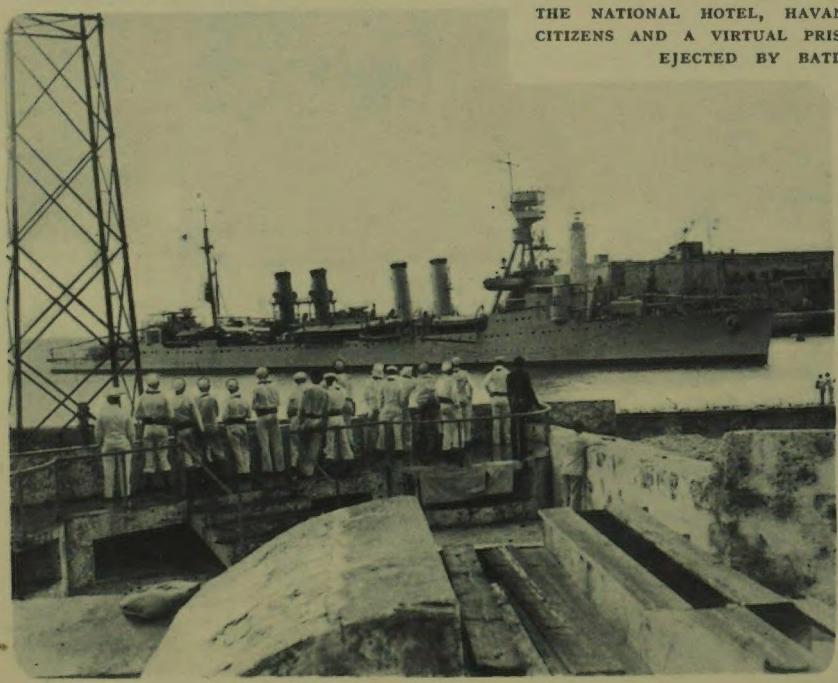
FOUR OF THE COMMISSION OF FIVE WHO ASSUMED POWER: SEÑOR FRANCO; SEÑOR CARBO; DR. PORTELA; AND DR. RAMON SAN MARTIN, WHO WAS LATER NOMINATED PRESIDENT (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE NATIONAL HOTEL, HAVANA: A REFUGE FOR AMERICAN CITIZENS AND A VIRTUAL PRISON FOR CUBAN ARMY OFFICERS EJECTED BY BATISTA'S REVOLUTION.



SERGEANT BATISTA, WHO LED THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' MUTINY AND MADE HIMSELF CHIEF OF STAFF: A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE REVOLUTION.



NO SALUTES EXCHANGED AS THE CRUISER "RICHMOND" ENTERS HAVANA HARBOUR: ONE OF THE UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS SENT TO PROTECT THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Only three weeks after the dramatic escape by air of President Machado from Cuba, his successor in office, Dr. de Cespedes, was forced to resign, on September 5, by a new revolt. Non-commissioned officers of the Army and Navy mutinied, led by Sergeant Batista, who, with a former corporal as second in command, was appointed Chief of Staff. A revolutionary Commission of Five, of whom one, Professor Ramon San Martin, of Havana University, was later made President, assumed the Government of Cuba. It did not, however, represent all grades of revolutionary opinion, and for that reason could not be considered



THE THREE-WEEKS-OLD "PUPPET" GOVERNMENT OF DR. DE CESPEDES OVERTHROWN: AN EXPECTANT CROWD BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, HAVANA, ON THE DAY OF THE NEW JUNTA'S ASSUMPTION OF POWER.

a stable Government. The position was therefore rendered exceptionally delicate for the United States, since they are pledged to protect the lives and property of American and other foreign citizens in Cuba, and yet are extremely anxious to avoid military intervention. The United States Government maintains its "right to intervene" in Cuba, although that right might be challenged by other countries. The revolutionary Government in Cuba was also anxious to avoid intervention. President Roosevelt sent a cordon of thirty war-ships to Cuban waters, and had a force of marines ready for emergencies at Quantico, Virginia.



PRUSSIA CELEBRATES THE DEATH OF "PARLIAMENTARISM": THE NEW PRUSSIAN STATE COUNCILLORS TAKING THE OATH BEFORE GENERAL GÖRING.

The new Prussian State Council was opened with ceremony on September 15, in the Aula of Berlin University. The opening was significant as inaugurating the first experimental advisory body designed to take the place of democratic Parliamentarism under the Nazi system. General Göring, who is Premier of Prussia, addressing the sixty-five new State Councillors, heaped scorn on Parliamentarism, pacifism, and rule by majorities, all now destroyed by the Nazi revolution.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



IMPROVING THE ANGLO-FRENCH TELEPHONE SERVICE: THE CABLE-SHIP "DOMINIA," WHICH HAS NOW LAID OVER 10,000 MILES OF CABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, AFTER COMPLETING THE LAST SPLICING.



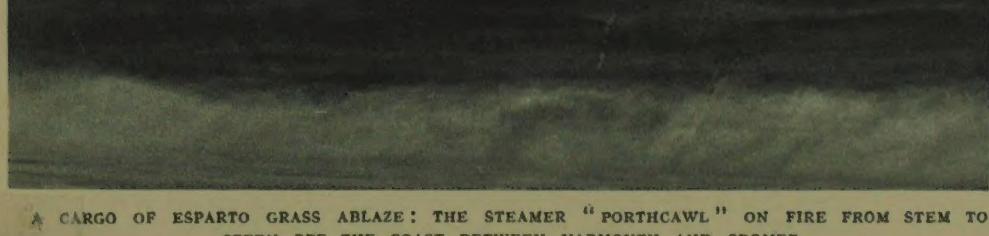
THE NEW CABLE BETWEEN ST. MARGARET'S BAY AND CALAIS: BARRELS USED TO FLOAT THE END OF THE CABLE TO SHORE; AND MEN DIGGING A TRENCH FOR IT; WITH THE DRIFTER "LAIS," WHICH HELPED THE "DOMINIA," SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

The final splice in the new Anglo-French telephone cable between St. Margaret's Bay, Kent, and Calais was completed on board the cable-ship "Dominia" in the early hours of September 18. Elaborate transmission tests will be made by the Post Office before the cable is brought into service at the beginning of November. It will then be possible for calls to be put through to Paris in little more than a minute, which will make that city as near London telephonically as is Birmingham. A new "repeater" station at the English end will strengthen calls for subscribers in this country. Its automatic working will necessitate only one superintendent, and it will be connected with an existing station at Canterbury. The number of lines from Calais to the Kent coast has been increased from forty to sixty. London will become, on the new system, even more definitely the telephonic hub of the world. Already 95 per cent. of the world's long-distance calls pass through it.



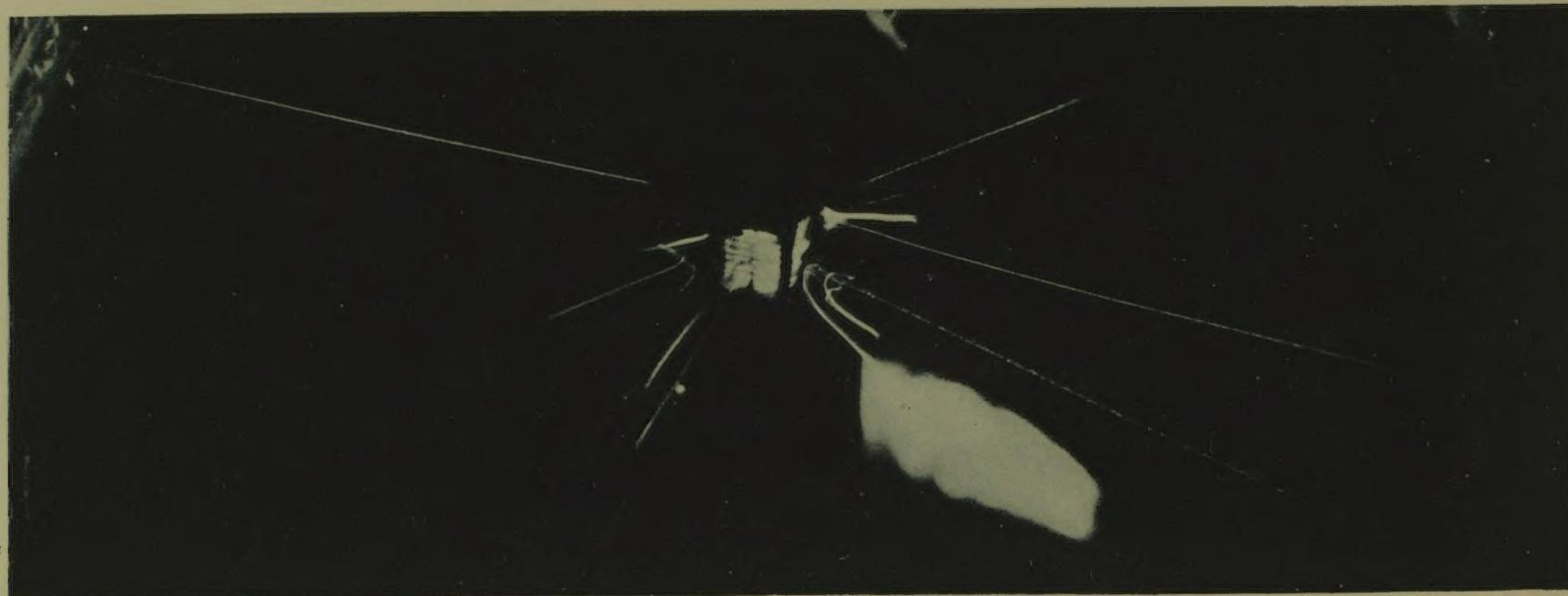
THE GUTTED HULL OF THE "PORTHCawl," AFTER 4000 TONS OF INFLAMMABLE ESPARTO GRASS IN HER持S HAD CAUGHT FIRE: AN IMPRESSIVE AIR VIEW.

The Cardiff steamer "Porthcawl," of 2481 tons, laden with 4000 tons of esparto grass, a most inflammable cargo, caught fire on September 14 between Yarmouth and Cromer, and eventually had to be beached. The crew of twenty-five were rescued by the Gorleston lifeboat, and none of them was injured. The steamer was bound from Oran, North Africa, to Grantown, Scotland. Captain R. Harrison, the master of the ship, first noticed the fire, which had broken out in the between-deck bunkers. Lines of hose were at once used by the crew, but their efforts were unavailing to prevent the fire spreading rapidly, so that the steamer was soon ablaze from stem to stern. The esparto grass burnt like a haystack, and flames leapt high into the air. The ship was run at full speed to Yarmouth and beached, the crew then jumping off into the lifeboat.



A CARGO OF ESPARTO GRASS ABLAZE: THE STEAMER "PORTHCawl" ON FIRE FROM STEM TO STERN OFF THE COAST BETWEEN YARMOUTH AND CROMER.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF ATOMS PHOTOGRAPHED: ELEMENTS TRANSMUTED.



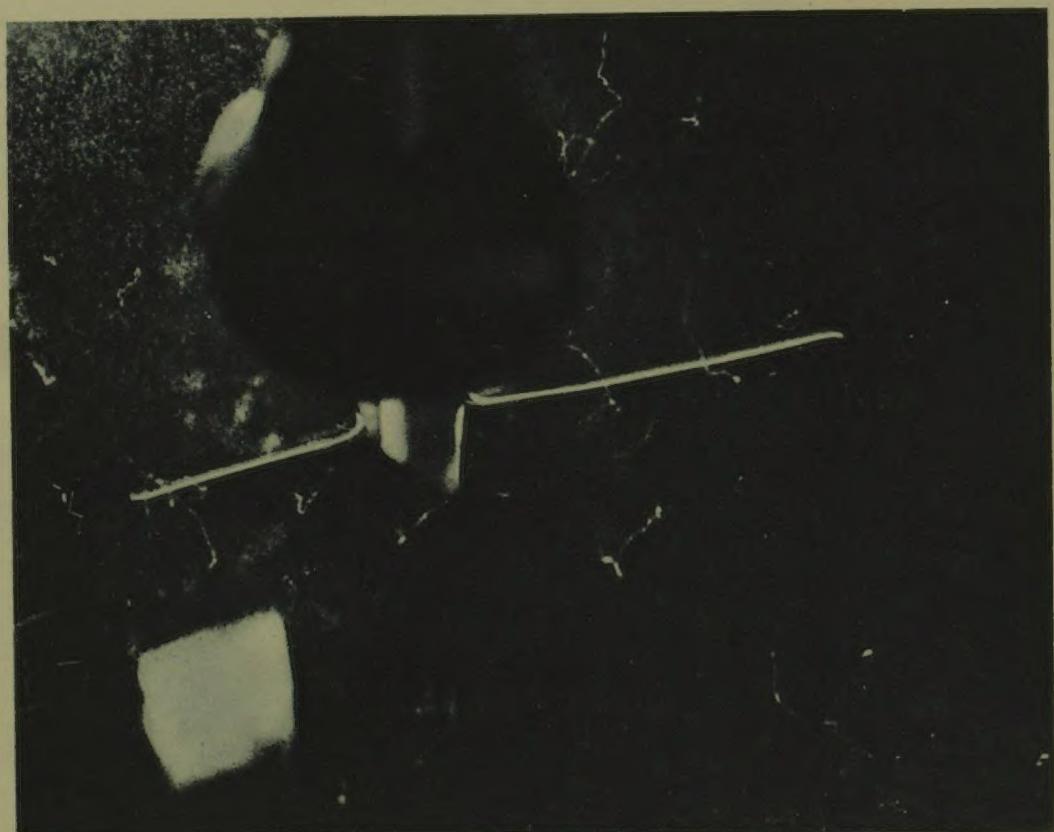
1. DISINTEGRATION PHOTOGRAPHED: A1, A2=THE TWO HELIUM ATOMS PRODUCED AND FLYING OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. B1, B2=HELIUM ATOMS OF SHORTER RANGE PRODUCED BY DISINTEGRATION OF LITHIUM BY ORDINARY HYDROGEN.

THE publication, rather over a year ago,* of the results of the experiments of J. D. Cockcroft and E. T. S. Walton, which were the first successful attempts to produce a purely artificial disintegration or transmutation of the elements, led to much speculation as to the possibilities of harnessing atomic energy or of producing quantities of precious elements at will. The doubt cast upon these possibilities by Lord Rutherford at the British Association, though surprising to the lay public, caused no surprise to scientists who were acquainted with the methods of these researches. This difference of outlook can be attributed to the fact that it is not generally realised that these researches upon atomic transmutation depend, at least up to the present, upon scientific methods for the detection of single atoms. The rate at which these transmutations can be made to occur is, to date, so small that it is only by the use of methods of detection of individual atomic processes that they have been detected at all. Thus in the first experiments the helium atoms which shot off at high speed from the bombarded lithium target were detected by the minute sparks of light which were produced when they impinged upon a screen of powdered zinc sulphide, or, alternatively, by amplifying the minute electrical currents produced when they entered a small box containing gas, the magnified electrical impulses then causing the deflection of a spot of light travelling along a piece of photographic film. One of the most useful scientific methods of recording a high-speed atom is, however, by the use of an apparatus known as an expansion chamber. With this apparatus one obtains not, as above, a counting record of the arrival of such an atom at a particular place, but a photographic record of the actual path which it traverses in the gas before being brought to rest by buffeting against the gas atoms through which it passes. The direction of emission of the atom from the bombarded target is also evident from the photograph, and, as will be seen later, this is of the greatest importance in coming to a decision as to the mode of the disintegration. During the past year, therefore, P. I. Dee has constructed such an apparatus to work in conjunction with the high-voltage installation of Cockcroft and Walton, and has obtained a large number of photographs, a few of which are described in this article.

Let us first consider the mechanism by which these photographs are obtained. When a high-speed atom passes through a gas, it produces all along its path a number of electrical charges. More precisely, it shakes loose from the gas atoms a number of the orbital electrons which form part of their structure. No disintegration of the gas atoms is involved in this process: to do that would require an encounter between the high-speed atom and the nucleus, or sun, of the atom; but this occurs only with extreme rarity and may be disregarded for an understanding of the present process. The important effect is this separation of negatively charged electrons from the gas atoms and consequent production of electrical charges along the path of flying particle. Now, it has been shown that such electrical charges can be very effective in promoting the condensation of water vapour under certain conditions, and upon this fact lies the production of a visible track. Briefly, then, the method is as

follows. A mass of moist gas contained in the experimental chamber is suddenly cooled by expansion, so that there is a tendency for some of the water vapour to condense; but, owing to a previous cleaning process to which the gas has been subjected, no condensation can occur unless electrical charges are produced in the gas. Suppose now that a high-speed atom enters the gas during the minute fraction of a second that the gas is in this cold, supersaturated condition. Immediately, all along the path of the projectile electrically charged atoms are produced, and the excess water condenses to form a line of visible water-drops upon the invisible charged atoms. A powerful illuminating flash is timed to occur when the drops are sufficiently grown, but before any convection sets up in the gas, which quickly alters their relative positions. In the case of these helium atoms passing through a gas, many thousands of charges, and, therefore, drops, are produced per cm. of path, so that the images of the different drops overlap, and what is seen is a continuous line of illumination occupying the position

of the path of the high-speed atom. The experimental arrangement is as follows. The high-speed protons produced in the apparatus of Cockcroft and Walton are accelerated by many hundreds of thousands of volts, and then fall upon a thin target of lithium in an evacuated tube at the centre of the expansion chamber. The walls of this tube where they surround the target consist of windows of thin mica, which permit the passage through them of any fast helium atoms emitted from the target, but are too thick to allow passage of the protons. The various events are timed to occur with the right intervals by electrical circuits, and photographs are taken through the glass roof of the expansion chamber. Now it is possible to show by calculation from the exact values of the atomic masses that, if a proton of unit mass reacts with a lithium atom of mass seven to produce two helium atoms of mass four, then these two helium atoms should be emitted in nearly opposite directions, and that each should travel through eight cms. of air before being brought to rest. This is observed on the photograph Fig. 1, the tracks



2. DISINTEGRATION PHOTOGRAPHED IN ANOTHER MANNER—WITH THICKER WINDOWS SURROUNDING THE TARGET; SHOWING HOW THE TWO TRACKS END IN THE GAS.

b1, b2 being opposite and each with a range of eight cms. One appears shorter than the other, owing to the fact that the atom emerging on the left has to pass through the thin film which supports the lithium layer, with consequent loss of velocity. The bombarding particles were partly the nuclei of ordinary hydrogen (*i.e.*, protons) and partly the nuclei of the new form of hydrogen recently discovered, which has double the normal mass. Atoms of lithium are either of mass seven or of mass six, and it is possible to show by calculation as before that if a lithium atom of mass six reacted with one of these new hydrogen nuclei of mass two again to produce two helium atoms, then the latter pair would again separate in opposite directions, but in this case with greater velocities which would enable each to traverse 13 cm. of air. This is the explanation of the pair of tracks a1, a2 which pass out to the walls of the chamber. This was confirmed by photographs (such as Fig. 2) obtained with thicker windows surrounding the target, so that the particles lost more velocity than before in passing through the windows before they entered the chamber. On this photograph the two tracks end in the gas, and measurement of their ranges gave for each the value 13 cm., agreeing with the calculation and confirming this mechanism of the mode of disintegration.

VERY LIKE JAPANESE-SCREEN DECORATION: "BURSTS" OF BEAUTY.



FIREWORK NIGHT: FIVE RADIATING SHELLS; "THE FLIGHT OF THE EGRETS"; "PEACOCK PLUMES"; ROCKETS.

The fireworks at the Crystal Palace. What memories they evoke, memories of the past and of the present; for they have long been a feature of London life: the Palace is essentially the Greater Londoner's, despite the many thousands attracted from further afield and from abroad. The Thursday nights throughout August and September are Firework Nights, and they lure large crowds—to pay

tribute not only to ingenuity and to colour, but to sheer beauty. As the seasons pass, the clusters of light in the sky, flaming, changing, dying in golden sparks, gain in variety and in charm. What could be more pleasing than the Brock displays depicted—even though, of necessity, they are here shown without the kaleidoscopic brightness of the originals?—PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. J. SCHERMULY.

IRAQ MOURNS HER KING: THE FUNERAL OF FEISAL I.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING FEISAL, TAKEN IN SWITZERLAND TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH: DR. JAL PAVRY; KING ALI, THE BROTHER OF KING FEISAL; MISS BAPSY PAVRY; AND KING FEISAL (L. TO R.).



KING GHAZI TAKES THE OATH: THE EXTRAORDINARY COMBINED SESSION OF SENATORS AND DEPUTIES AT BAGHDAD ON SEPTEMBER 10; THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE AND THE PRIME MINISTER BESIDE THE YOUNG KING ON THE DAIS.



KING FEISAL'S OLD CHARGER, DRAPED IN BLACK: AN ARAB HORSE WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN BAGHDAD.



THE BODY OF THE LATE KING BROUGHT BY AIR FROM HAIFA TO BAGHDAD: THE COFFIN IN THE AEROPLANE AFTER ARRIVAL.



KING FEISAL'S FUNERAL: THE ROYAL COFFIN, ON A GUN-CARRIAGE AND SURMOUNTED WITH FLAGS AND A PORTRAIT, AS IT WAS BORNE THROUGH BAGHDAD.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH BAGHDAD, WHERE A NATION MOURNED HER DEAD KING: THE COFFIN MOUNTED ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, WITH THE PORTRAIT OF KING FEISAL IN FRONT, AND DRAWN BY HORSES DRAPED IN BLACK.



THE ROYAL COFFIN TAKEN BY OFFICERS OF THE IRAQI ARMY FROM THE R.A.F. AEROPLANE WHICH CARRIED IT FROM HAIFA TO BAGHDAD, ESCORTED BY NINE IRAQI MACHINES.

KING FEISAL I. was buried on September 15 in the new royal tomb in the grounds of Parliament House. The people of Iraq loudly mourned their King as the funeral procession passed slowly through the streets of Baghdad. The wails and lamentations of women filled the air, and a hundred thousand Arabs, bemoaning King Feisal's untimely death in a foreign land, tried to touch the coffin and thus acquire merit among their Moslem compatriots. So vast was the throng that the bridge of boats across the Tigris, over which the procession passed, looked almost in danger of submerging, and the order was given, when the cortège was half-way across, to cut the bridge in two, so that thousands of people following were unable to cross. The body of King Feisal had been brought from Brindisi to Haifa in H.M.S. "Dispatch," and was taken thence by R.A.F. aeroplane to Rutbah, the Iraqi police post in the desert, midway between Damascus and Baghdad. It left Rutbah at dawn on September 15, arriving at 7.30 at the Baghdad airport, where King Ghazi and the royal bodyguard were present to meet it. The new King, wearing his subaltern's uniform, had taken the constitutional oath on September 10.

CROWN PRINCE GHAZI OF IRAQ AND THE IRAQI ARMY WELCOMED.



A GREAT POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE GHAZI'S RETURN TO BAGHDAD: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (NOW KING OF IRAQ), MOUNTED (CENTRE), AT THE NEW AIRPORT AFTER FLYING BACK FROM MOSUL.



BAGHDAD TURNS OUT TO GREET HER ARMY: SCENES OF IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM AS THE IRAQI TROOPS MARCHED THROUGH THE CAPITAL ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE INSURGENT ASSYRIAN CHRISTIANS.

The development of national feeling in Iraq and the extreme popularity of the ruling House were both exemplified recently at Baghdad, when the Crown Prince Ghazi (who has since succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, King Feisal) and the Iraqi Army returned to the capital from Mosul. Baghdad, it was said, had never before witnessed such scenes. The troops marched through the city, after completing their operations against the insurgent Assyrian Christians, on August 26. Thousands of admiring citizens danced before them through the streets, and women showered flowers upon them. Traffic was at a complete

standstill for several hours. The crowd marched in procession to the Royal Palace, and loudly cheered King Feisal, who acknowledged the applause from a balcony. Fifty thousand people accorded a no less enthusiastic welcome, five days later, to the Crown Prince Ghazi, when he landed at the new Baghdad airport. His Royal Highness was returning from the ceremonial parade of the Northern Division of the Iraqi Army at Mosul, accompanied by Rashid Ali Beg el Gailani, the Prime Minister; the Minister of the Interior; the Minister of Defence; and Colonel Bekir Sidky Beg, who commanded against the Assyrians.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a type of M.P. who is commonly described as a "stormy petrel." In the "assemblie of foules" that creature of the tempest might be imagined as a jarring note amid the general chorus of chirping and twittering, especially when his sudden squawk interrupts the measured caw-caw of some grave secretary-bird. In like manner, his human counterpart enlivens the gravity of debate in the House of Commons, and lends a spicce of mischief and sensation to the even flow of rhetoric. In reading Parliamentary reports, I have often wished to know more of the men who make these disconcerting sallies, and to learn what serious motive lies behind their apparent "cussedness."

As a rule, the political "stormy petrel," being youngish, is either too busy to write books or has not yet arrived at the age of reminiscence. Circumstances have conspired, however, to produce a striking exception, for which students of post-war politics, as well as the naval side of the war itself, will be profoundly grateful. It takes the form of "**SAILORS, STATESMEN—AND OTHERS.**" An Autobiography. By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N. Formerly Admiralty War Staff, London; Assistant Chief of Staff, Gibraltar; Member of Parliament, 1919-1931.

With twenty-seven Illustrations (Rich and Cowan; 18s.). Here we have the essence of the tempestuous quality concentrated in print, and the author himself explains how he came to put it on record. "This biography is written," he says, "contrary to the normal practice, in the middle of a life instead of in its declining years.... The election of the autumn of 1931 exiled me from the House of Commons, but not from politics; and it has given me the opportunity of looking backwards over these recent troublous years and of seeing events in their proper perspective, and of summing up the impressions and knowledge gained during forty-seven years of an exceedingly strenuous life." Nearly eighteen of those years were spent in war-ships at sea. No volume of political or Service reminiscences that I remember surpasses this one in liveliness and critical candour, or reveals more vividly certain obstructive and sinister influences behind the scenes.

Commander Kenworthy's book is "so full of a number of things" that it is difficult to summarise. Memorable in particular, on the personal side, is his friendship with "Ranji" and a consequent trip (by air) to India. One result of his tour there was that, when the Premier invited suggestions from Indian delegates as to the appointment of a Viceroy to succeed Lord Irwin, Commander Kenworthy's name was put forward. As heir to a peerage, he was socially qualified, but nothing more was heard of the suggestion. Among his criticisms on the war and public affairs, specially trenchant are those on the Allies' failure to support Russia at the Kerensky period ("the worst blunder of the war"), the Versailles Treaty ("the most mischievous Peace Treaty of all time"), the Naval Conference of 1930, the "Black-and-Tans" in Ireland, and the disastrous post-war intervention in Russia, but for which, according to Krassin, "the Bolshevik régime would have fallen in six months." There are also revelatory comments on the inner working of the Parliamentary machine, on leading personalities such as Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Churchill, and on the future of the Labour Party and democracy in general.

Transcending all else, however, in vigour of denunciation, are the author's disclosures concerning bygone forces at the Admiralty, which held our splendid Navy in leash, and prevented it from doing all it might have done. As an active member of the group of naval officers known as the "Young Turks," eager to cast off these trammels, Commander Kenworthy was instrumental (to use his own phrase) "in gingering up the naval side of the war." In that movement he was closely associated with Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. His account of conversations with them and others lets a flood of light into many dark corners. It suggests, as other memoirs have done, including those of Mr. Lloyd George himself, that there was going on at home a war within the war—a war of "live wires" versus "back numbers"; of imagination and enterprise against excessive caution and antiquated routine. These influences had the effect of strangling progress and very nearly landed the nation in irretrievable disaster.

The views of the "Young Turks" on our naval inactivity at that time were afterwards confirmed from "enemy" sources, as may be found in "**CONCISE LUDENDORFF MEMOIRS,**" 1914-1918. By General Ludendorff. With eleven large Maps and twenty-four smaller Maps in Text (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). This book is a condensation, in moderate size and at a popular price, of the famous memoirs published in two massive volumes fourteen years ago. Discussing the sea affair, General Ludendorff writes: "England avoided battle, though the British had everything to gain by venturing upon it. Tradition, her strength and the war situation should have urged her to it. The reasons put forward, such as the dearth of docks on the East Coast, to enable her to effect swift repairs after battle, are not convincing." Another of Commander Kenworthy's contentions finds implicit corroboration in the Ludendorff memoirs. He declares that our failure to support Russia in 1917 "was the direct cause of the defeat of our Fifth Army on the Western Front in the following spring," the consequence being that "the war was prolonged, another million young men were killed or mutilated; and we are still far from recovering from the economic damage." Ludendorff makes it perfectly clear. "By November [1917]," he says, "the Russian Army was so far corroded with Bolshevism that G. H. Q. [i.e., the German] could seriously think of weakening the Eastern Front in order to strengthen the West."

Yet another link between the two books occurs in Commander Kenworthy's account of the scheme, after the Armistice, to go on fighting, but against Russia instead of Germany. "General Ludendorff," he writes, "openly advocated a combined offensive, late

explains the significance of the sub-title. "This is primarily a book," he says, "concerning the torpedo craft of the British Navy, and the term 'hard-lying' indicated a financial compensation provided by 'My Lords' for the discomforts incurred by those who served in them in their early days, and until their size and improved accommodation rendered its continuance an anomaly." The yarn is spun with all the racy humour that one expects from a sailor, while on the graver side it contains much vivid description of events, with an interesting discussion of conditions in the post-war fleet, the value of destroyer command in the training of officers, and the future uses of "the cavalry of the Navy."

Towards the end Captain Dawson touches on his post-war service in the Eastern Mediterranean, and rescue work among White Russian refugees. Sympathy with them was gradually discounted by their conduct. "Gratitude," he says, "was not their strong point, and the more that was done for them the more they expected. Moreover, their own treatment of their enemies, on such few occasions as they were in a position to call the tune, did not lag far behind that from which they had suffered during the Revolution; while any successes which they achieved were invariably neutralised by the disloyalties and worse which occurred in their own ranks.... 'Scratch the Russian, and you find the Tartar,' is a well-known saying.... These may seem hard words to use in relation to those who were not the original authors of their misfortunes; but much British money was wasted, many British lives endangered and even lost, rightly or wrongly, in the bolstering-up of this hopeless cause in South Russia during the years 1919-21 and in the succouring of its human flotsam and jetsam."

Two books of reminiscence by the same writer within a few months is pretty good going. This gallant officer amplifies the story of his adventures amid the strange happenings of "a second Crimean War" in an autobiographical sequel entitled "**MEDITERRANEAN MEDLEY.**" By Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. With thirty-five Illustrations (Rich and Cowan; 15s.). Here the anecdotal vein is worked to still livelier effect, and the result is both entertaining and informative. One allusion will particularly appeal to our readers. Describing his arrival in the harbour of Sevastopol, Captain Dawson says: "The first thing that struck me, as at Constantinople, was that I had seen it all before. I suppose that Kinglake and the old files of *The Illustrated London News* (which I remembered in our school library) were responsible for this apparent familiarity." Incidentally, Captain Dawson found his interest in antiquity stimulated by the historic places he saw, as when he learned that the grave of Hannibal is on the Ismid Peninsula, and not at Carthage. His first sight of the Isles of Greece impressed him deeply. "Never before," he says, "had I so regretted the premature end put to my classical education." Utilitarian educators, please note!

While on the subject of naval affairs, I must not forget to note a new addition to that attractive series, Great Occasions; i.e. "**TRAFAVGAR**" (1805). By A. F. Fremantle, author of "**England in the Nineteenth Century.**" With Illustrations and Maps (Peter Davies; 5s.). This well-written little book gives a succinct account of the battle and the death of Nelson, prefaced by the dictum of Thucydides—"Great is the mastery of the sea." Other recent volumes in the same series are "**THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE**" (1720); by Viscount Erleigh; "**THE SPANISH MARRIAGE**" (1554), by Helen Simpson; and "**THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE**" (1692), by John Buchan. Later, I hope to deal with some notable books on famous military commanders. Two are from the able pen of Mr. Hilaire Belloc—"THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH" (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.) and "**WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**" (Peter Davies; 5s.). Along with these comes "**THE GHOST OF NAPOLEON.**" By Liddell Hart (Faber; 7s. 6d.). C. E. B.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK WHICH BEGAN ON SEPTEMBER 14, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MARQUETRY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH COMMODE BY BOULLE.

The fashion which arose at the French Court at the end of the seventeenth century for furniture decorated with marquetry of tortoise-shell and a variety of metals, is chiefly associated with the atelier of André Charles Boulle (1642-1732), so liberally patronised by Louis XIV. and his courtiers. Among the types of furniture most favoured for marquetry in this manner were library writing-tables. This example is remarkable on account of its fine workmanship and polychromatic decoration in the style of Béreain. It is inlaid on a ground of brass with ebony, ivory, or bone stained green, tortoise-shell, lapis lazuli, and mother-of-pearl.

enemies joining with late allies, against the 'common foe.' To this day Mr. Winston Churchill boasts that he was in favour of war on the grand scale against Russia. He believed in this policy then, and believes in it now. For such a war, conscription would have had to be maintained. . . . If the attempt had actually been made, I firmly believe we should have had a revolution in England." While General Ludendorff is not complimentary to British naval administration, he pays a tribute to the propaganda work of Lord Northcliffe and compares the German civil authorities unfavourably with those of the Allies in the matter of maintaining national moral. "Our War Chancellors," he says, "had no creative ideas, and did nothing to hold the people together and lead them, unlike the great dictators, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson."

One aspect of the Navy's work in the war—that of the destroyers—is well presented from the standpoint of personal experience in "**FLOTILLAS**": A Hard-Lying Story. By Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. With Foreword by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes. Illustrated by R. G. Mills (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.). Lest the ungodly be given cause to blaspheme, and the ignorant land-lubber call on the name of Ananias, the author wisely



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 21, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TORSO OF A GIRL BY GAUDIER-BRZESKA.

One of the most exquisite of all the carvings by H. Gaudier-Brzeska (the young French wood-carver who settled down in England in 1911, and was killed in 1915) is this marble torso, which was presented to the Museum a few months after the young sculptor's death. Miss Nina Hamnett, who was the model for this lovely work, vividly describes in her "Laughing Torso" how she and Gaudier looted from a stonemason's yard in Putney the small block of Sicilian marble from which it was carved. Other sculpture by Gaudier-

Brzeska and a number of drawings are in the Museum. Reproductions by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.

CHAMPION OF AUSTRIA'S INDEPENDENCE: LEISURE MOMENTS OF DR. DOLFUSS, THE "LITTLE CHANCELLOR."



AUSTRIA'S "LITTLE CHANCELLOR," WHO HAS WON HIMSELF WIDESPREAD FAME THROUGHOUT EUROPE BY HIS STURDY AND UNFLINCHING PATRIOTISM: DR. DOLFUSS ON HORSEBACK AT WOLFPASSING.



DR. DOLFUSS TEACHING HIS FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER RIDING.



THE AUSTRIAN LEADER, WHO HIMSELF COMES OF PEASANT STOCK, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A QUIET WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY: DR. DOLFUSS AT WOLFPASSING.



THE HARD-WORKED CHAMPION OF AN INDEPENDENT AUSTRIA IN CHEERFUL MOOD: DR. DOLFUSS CHATTING WITH A FRIEND AT WOLFPASSING.

The firm stand made by the Austrian Chancellor in defence of the independence of his country has not only been the means of preventing a critical situation from developing in Central Europe, but his sturdy patriotism has also made a wide appeal. He had a very hearty reception on September 11 at the opening of the commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the delivery of Vienna from the Turks. He outlined, in a speech to "The Fatherland Front" (Heimwehr and peasants), a programme of national reconstruction for Austria based on the principles of authoritative leadership and the Christian corporative state.



A STATESMAN WHOSE TIME IS ALL GIVEN TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS FAMILY: DR. DOLFUSS WITH FRAU DOLFUSS, THEIR SON RUDOLPH, AND THEIR DAUGHTER EVA.

Dr. Dollfuss was born in 1892, of an old Catholic peasant family, in Lower Austria. He studied law at the Vienna University and then went to Berlin University to study economics. In the war he served in a Tyrolean regiment. In 1919 he became secretary of the Lower Austrian Peasant League, and, in 1931, though neither a politician nor a Member of Parliament, Minister of Agriculture. It was after the Cabinet crisis of May 1932 that Dr. Dollfuss consented to accept the Chancellorship; and by dint of hard work succeeded in forming a Cabinet backed by Christian Socialists, Agrarians, and the Fascist Heimwehr.

**THE GERMAN STUDENTS' DUELS REVIVED:
"MENSUREN" PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING FIGHTING
THAT IS RANKED AS A SPORT.**



A DUELLIST, SWORD IN HAND AND IN HIS FIGHTING KIT; WITH EYES AND NOSE, NECK, BODY, AND ARMS PROTECTED—AND WEARING THE RIBBON OF HIS CORPS ACROSS HIS JACKET.

THERE has been a revival of the *Mensuren*, the famous German students' duels, so provocative of criticism outside their native country and resulting in wounds on the face "nursed," in pre-war days, at all events, so that scars might be visible throughout life as signs of valor. That being so, it is interesting to note that the current "Britannica" points out that, although forbidden by the German criminal code (in 1928), these duels "still form a regular element in German student life. In Berlin alone," it continues, "there are in 1928 some twelve fighting corps which meet once a week in secret. These meetings continue from 8 o'clock in the morning onwards, and some twenty

(Continued below)



FINAL ADJUSTMENTS AS THE DUELLISTS FACE EACH OTHER—IN THE FOREGROUND, THE HEAVILY MASKED AND JACKETED REFEREE WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO STOP THE FIGHT WHEN IT IS THOUGHT ADVISABLE.



THE REFEREE INTERVENING DURING A DUEL, STRIKING UP THE COMBATANTS' SWORDS.

of these clubs [known as *Verbindungen*] is held to be a considerable honour, and is only possible where a student has shown the necessary qualifications to permit of his admission. . . . There are two categories of fighting students. First, the *Fuchs* or novice; secondly, the *Husar* (fellow or accepted member). . . . Apparently the only point that is decided for or against a particular fighter is his bearing during the fight. No points are given for skill in attack or defence, and each fighter is judged by the witnessing *Korpsbrüder* of his own fighting *Verbindung* only." That, as noted, was written in 1928. A few months ago these duels were in the news again. It was then stated by the Frankfurt correspondent of the "Times" that, after having been strictly forbidden for eight years, "friendly" duelling between teams of student societies had been resumed at Heidelberg. The occasion, he reported, was marked by the presence of various

A DUEL IN PROGRESS; SHOWING HOW THE SWORDS ARE HELD HIGH TO ATTACK THE HEAD AND FACE AND TO GUARD THEM.—IN THE BACKGROUND, A DOCTOR IN A WHITE OVERALL; IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, THE REFEREE INTERVENING.

fights take place on each occasion. The police, as well as the university authorities, naturally know all about them, but are only too willing to close their eyes. . . . The entry of a student into one



THE BEGINNING OF A DUEL IN THE CORPS' FIGHTING-ROOM: THE REFEREE (MASKED: ON LEFT), HIS SWORD-BLADE BETWEEN THOSE OF THE COMBATANTS, ABOUT TO GIVE THE WORD TO COMMENCE. ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT, TWO WHITE-OVERLAPPED DOCTORS, ONE FOR EACH DUELLIST.



HONOUR IS SATISFIED: A DUEL IS STOPPED, ONE OF THE DUELLISTS HAVING RECEIVED A WOUND.—ON THE RIGHT, A WHITE-OVERLAPPED DOCTOR HURRYING FORWARD TO TREAT THE INJURED MAN IT IS HIS DUTY TO TEND.

officials, including representatives of Heidelberg University, the Heidelberg police, the Stahlhelm, and the Nazi storm troops. Evidently, as the authority in the

"Britannica" prophesied: "It is probable that the new code will make it plain that they [the duels] are to be regarded as a sport and therefore legalised."




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FOOD OF WHALES: THE PARADOX OF LEVIATHANS SUSTAINED BY LILLIPUTIANS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

JUST now, when water is growing so hard to find, to talk of the sea, where there is so much of it, fans one's hopes. For here is the source of the rain-water which we are waiting for to fill our depleted rivers and wells. It is not so much, however, of the sea itself as of the creatures which live there that I am thinking just now. And these creatures stand in the strongest possible contrast. For on the one hand I have in mind some of the largest of living animals, the whales; and on the other, tiny and often microscopic animals on which they live.

I have written much, in these pages, on whales, yet I am very far indeed from having exhausted the theme. To-day I propose to dwell not upon their ancestry, or their flippers, or their powers of swimming, but upon their food. There are, it is to be remembered, two distinct types of whales—the "toothed whales" and the "baleen-whales." The latter are generally known as "whale-bone" whales. And these again present two quite distinct types—the "right-whales" (*Balaena*), wherein the horny plates rooted in the upper jaw may be as much as 12 ft. long, furnishing, a generation ago, the "whale-bone" of commerce; and the rorquals, wherein the "whale-bone" is relatively short—say 2 ft. to 4 ft. long, according to the species.

The whale-bone whales justify their name, for all have their full complement of plates, about 300 pairs in all. But the "toothed whales" do not; for, while some have as many as 100 pairs of teeth in the jaws, some have none. In these toothless species, however, the males, when fully adult, have sometimes one, sometimes two pairs of teeth: but they are not concerned with the capture of food or its mastication. What particular use is made of them we do not know: they may serve as weapons of offence in fights between rival males duelling for

It seems incredible that the huge blue whale can support its enormous bulk on a diet of the small, shrimp-like crustacean, about an inch-and-a-half long, known as *Euphausia* (Fig. 2). This, of course, would not be possible but for the fact that they swarm in the sea in vast hosts as the sand of the

about structures so singular? For this "whale-bone," as it is called, is formed of a densely compressed mass of hairs, the ends of which project feely into the mouth to form the sieve to retain the food as the water is driven out. And this brings me to another curious difference between the right-whales and the rorquals, apart from this matter of the baleen, though it may, in some obscure way, be related thereto.

In all the rorquals the throat and fore-part of the belly has the skin thrown into great longitudinal pleats, differing in the details of their form in each species. And no one has yet succeeded in interpreting their meaning. Why are they not also present in the right-whales? It has, indeed, been suggested that they serve to increase the carrying capacity of the mouth, which, when fully distended, stretches the pleats apart. But why do we not find a like mechanism in the right-whales, since their food and feeding habits are practically identical?

That the baleen-whales are descended from toothed ancestors is evident from the fact that teeth are present in the lower jaws before birth. Why should they have become absorbed and replaced by "whale-bone"?

When we turn to the toothed whales we are confronted by some very puzzling facts, because the presence or absence of teeth seems to bear no very close relation to the nature of the food. *Pontoporia*, a dolphin of the Amazons, has an armature of over 200 teeth. And some, as I have said, have none.

A considerable number feed on cuttle-fish. The great sperm-whale has a row of enormous teeth in the lower jaw, but those of the upper jaw are reduced to mere vestiges concealed in the gum. It feeds on huge squids. Here, then, we seem to have a use for the teeth of the lower jaw, since they afford a firm grip of such slippery prey. But the false-killer (*Pseudorca*) also feeds mainly on squids. The stomachs of the great "school" stranded at the Dornoch Firth a year or two ago were crammed with the beaks of squids and cuttle-fish. And this species has numerous and conspicuously large teeth in both upper and lower jaws. Inconsistencies in Nature confront us everywhere, and nowhere is this seen more certainly than in this matter of the food and feeding among the whale tribe. But here, surely, we have evidence enough to show that living bodies



I. THE ALMOST MICROSCOPIC FOOD OF WHALES: SPECIMENS OF *CALANUS FINMARCHICUS*, A CRUSTACEAN WHICH IS BORNE SOUTHWARDS BY THE ICELAND POLAR CURRENT TO THE BREEDING-GROUNDS SOUTH OF ICELAND AND, AT CERTAIN SEASONS, COLOURS THE SEA RED FOR MILES.

Enormous shoals of *Calanus* drift down the shores of Norway, extending over hundreds of acres. They form a large part of the food of rorquals. Unlike most of the "copepods," the group to which it belongs, *Calanus* does not shun the light, but prefers the sunlit waters.

sea-shore in number. The Norwegian whalers know them as "kril," and they, in turn, are feeding on those excessively minute plants known as diatoms. Were the diatom crop to fail there would be no Euphausids, and presently no blue whale. For a time, at least, it might survive, since in northern waters it feeds on another and smaller species, *Thysanessa*—unfortunately these creatures have no name in common speech. As many as 33 bushels have been taken from the stomach of a blue whale caught in northern waters.

Almost microscopic in size is another crustacean of immense importance, even to those who have no glimmering of a notion of its existence. This is *Calanus* (Fig. 1), which at the peak of its annual cycle of development will colour the sea red for miles and miles, and several feet deep. Thereon the herring feed, vast shoals of them; and schools of whales of at least two species gorge themselves with these tiny bodies, and still the swarms go on.

Feeding amid such abundance is an easy matter. The hungry giant has but to open his mouth and, so to speak, "the apples fall into it." For, in opening the huge jaws a whole waggon-load of these shrimp-like little bodies is taken in. Then by inflating the tongue the water is driven out through the sieve formed by the hairs which fringe the inner edges of the baleen, leaving the solid, pulp-like mass to be swallowed. The passage from the mouth to the gullet is extremely small, having regard to the size of the animal, but this makes swallowing the more easy.

The common rorqual, on occasions, will eat herrings and other fish which swim in great shoals. And John Hunter found dogfish in the stomach of a lesser-rorqual, as well as pebbles. This is curious, and it has been suggested that they were swallowed by accident when scooping up food from the bottom. But pebbles have been found in the stomachs of other whales, as well as in elephants. In the latter case the swallowing would certainly not have been accidental.

As to the origin of the baleen plates, we as yet know nothing. What agency could have brought



2. ANOTHER MINUTE CREATURE ON WHICH WHALES FEED: ONE OF A SMALL GROUP OF CRUSTACEA KNOWN AS EUPHAUSIA—*MEGANYCTIPHANES NORWEGICUS*—WHICH CONTRASTS WITH CALANUS IN ITS MUCH GREATER SIZE.

M. Norwegicus, which is here shown slightly enlarged, is the "kril" of the Norwegian whalers. Whales feed on its vast hordes, which colour the seas of the Arctic and the Antarctic for miles. In the deep waters of Loch Fyne it abounds, and forms the staple food of the Loch Fyne herrings; hence their superior size and quality. This species is also peculiar in its ability to give out flashes of phosphorescent

light from a series of small lamps along each side of the body.

the hand, or flipper, of some tremulous female; but there is no evidence for this that I know of. The whale-bone whales are all large, ranging in length from the 20-ft. pigmy whale (*Neobalaena*) to 110 ft. in the great blue whale, or Sibbald's Rorqual. Yet they feed, for the most part, on creatures too small to see without the aid of a microscope; though some, as I shall show, at certain times of the year take a diet of fish.



3. AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN THE DIET OF THE LARGE HUMPBACKED WHALE: *GRIMOSEA GREGARIA*, ACTUALLY THE "POST-LARVAL" STAGE OF ONE OF THE "PORCELAIN CRABS." (SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.)

are not all made of a common clay. The tissues of every living creature have an individuality of their own, and respond differently to precisely the same stimuli.

STORKS—OF NEWS VALUE IN VIEW OF THE ROSSITTEN EXPERIMENT.

NOS. 1, -3, 5, 7, 8, AND 9 BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. THE REST BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
(SEE ALSO "OUR NOTE-BOOK" AND PAGES 466-467.)



KEPT IN EFFIGY WHERE IT NO LONGER LIVES:
A EUROPEAN WHITE STORK ON A NEST FIXED
TO THE CHIMNEY OF A CASTLE IN SWEDEN.



A CONTRAST TO THE TAME AND CONFIDING WHITE STORK: THE EUROPEAN BLACK STORK (*CICONIA NIGRA*), WHICH IS SHY AND FURTIVE AND SHUNS MAN.



AN HONOURED GUEST ON A BARN ON ZEALAND: A WHITE STORK OF A SPECIES WHICH MIGRATES TO AS FAR AS SOUTH AFRICA.



"THE FAMILIAR BIRD OF LEGEND AND LITERATURE"
AND THE SUBJECT OF THE MIGRATIVE EXPERIMENT
ORGANISED IN GERMANY: THE EUROPEAN WHITE STORK.



"PLATFORMS AND BUNDLES OF HAY ARE PLACED ON THE PEAKS OF DWELLINGS AND STABLES, AND HERE THE STORKS NEST": YOUNG BIRDS ON A BARN.



THE CULT OF THE STORK ON THE RIVIERA: AN ARTIFICIAL NEST AND A WOODEN STORK ON THE CHIMNEY OF A VILLA AT NICE.



B
A TYPICAL PAIR OF EUROPEAN WHITE STORKS: BIRDS WHO MIGRATE TO AFRICA BY TWO ROUTES—A WESTERN TO MOROCCO AND AN EASTERN TO EGYPT AND BEYOND.



BIRDS THAT SEEK MAN'S PROTECTION AT BREEDING TIME AND SO ARE AMENABLE TO EXPERIMENT: DANISH WHITE STORKS.



"THE FONDNESS OF EUROPEANS FOR THESE BIRDS IS INDICATED BY EFFIGIES SEEN IN MANY PLACES WHERE STORKS NO LONGER EXIST": A NEST WITH TWO ADULT WHITE STORKS AT OSTRUPGAARD, ISLAND OF ZEALAND, DENMARK.

A great experiment—one which, it is hoped, will contribute substantially to our knowledge of bird-migration—is being made with one of the most romantic and sociable of all European birds, the stork. The nature of the experiment, which is being carried out by the Rossitten ornithological station, in Germany, is described on other pages. We here illustrate some of the birds which, for generations, have been honoured guests in Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and, formerly, in France. "The white stork is the familiar bird of legend and literature," writes Mr. Lee S. Crandall, in the New York Zoological Society's Bulletin. "It is found from Western Europe to Central Asia, although it is now practically unknown in France as a breeding bird, and appears in the British Isles only as a transient straggler. The European birds pass the winter on the African

continent. The white stork is treated with great reverence in most of the countries of Europe, particularly in Holland, Germany, and Sweden. These storks have become so accustomed to the presence of man that they seek his protection at breeding time. Old cart-wheels, platforms, and even bundles of hay are placed on the peaks of dwellings and stables, and here the storks nest as honoured guests. In spite of constant aid and encouragement, and much to the consternation of the inhabitants, the birds are rapidly decreasing in number throughout most of their European range." Of the black stork, Mr. Crandall says: "Its range is much the same as that of the white stork, but is extended in Asia as far as the Pacific. It offers a strong contrast in more than colour, for, while the white bird is tame and confiding, the black is shy and furtive."

GETTING "INSIDE" THE STORK'S BRAIN: BIRDS TRANSPORTED ACROSS GERMANY FOR AN *EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS* ON MIGRATION.

(See also "Our Note-Book" and page 465.)



THE EXPERIMENT CARRIED OUT BY THE ROSSITTEN ORNITHOLOGICAL STATION WITH A VIEW TO DECIDING WHETHER HEREDITY PLAYS A PART IN INFLUENCING MIGRATING STORKS IN THEIR CHOICE OF ROUTES TO AFRICA: YOUNG EAST PRUSSIAN STORKS BROUGHT IN MOTOR-LORRIES TO BE RELEASED AT ESSEN, BUT STILL SHY OF LIBERTY.



THE EAST GERMAN STORKS TAKING TO THE OPEN IN WESTERN GERMANY: BIRDS BRED AT ROSSITTEN, IN EAST PRUSSIA, LEAVING THE MOTOR-LORRIES IN A FIELD NEAR ESSEN—FROM WHERE, IT IS BELIEVED, MIGRATING STORKS TAKE A WESTERLY ROUTE TO AFRICA, IN OPPOSITION TO THAT TAKEN BY BIRDS FROM EASTERN GERMANY OVER THE LEVANT.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the ambitious experiment undertaken by the ornithological station at Rossitten, in East Prussia, with the object of determining which of two routes the storks follow when they migrate to Africa. It has been observed that storks born and bred in the eastern districts of Germany have invariably flown via the Balkans, Asia Minor, and Egypt; while those that have grown up to the west of the River Elbe have passed over France, Spain, and Morocco. For the purposes of the experiment, some 150 young storks were caught at Rossitten, and sent to Essen; while twenty were sent to Frankfurt. All the birds had identification-marks, and it was arranged that observations should be made to discover whether the East German birds released from Essen and Frankfurt would follow the storks bred in Western Germany along the "western route"; or whether they would cross Southern Germany and Austria in order to fly over the route familiar to their ancestors and relatives from Rossitten. The birds were released from their cages at Essen on September 12. They spent most of the day walking about in the meadows and catching frogs and did not take to the air until seven o'clock in the evening. They then separated into two distinct groups and circled round and round above the starting-point. Eventually, they flew away; but they returned on the following day, owing, it is thought, to the bad weather prevailing in



THE YOUNG STORKS READY TO LEAVE GERMANY FOR AFRICA—BY EITHER THE EASTERN OR THE WESTERN ROUTE—THEIR CHOICE BEING NOTED BY BIRD-MONITORS IN EUROPE AND AFRICA: THE BIRDS CLEAR OF THE LORRIES AT ESSEN, BUT IN NO HURRY TO BEGIN THEIR MIGRATION.

Western Germany. Later news was received to the effect that all the Essen storks had taken a south-easterly direction and that some of them had been sighted on the Harz mountains. This fact seemed to favour the deduction that a hereditary urge was driving them along the route followed by their ancestors. On the other hand, two of the storks set free have been shot on the Loire, in France. The whole problem was somewhat complicated by the theory put forward by a well-known ornithologist, Heinroth, that, in actual fact, the lines of migration have never been so closely followed by the storks as has generally been imagined. Some north-east German storks, he suggests, may always have made for Africa by the western route, and vice versa. Heinroth also suggests that the results of the latest experiment may confirm the theory of an American naturalist that migrant birds frequently follow birds of other species when making their way south. The possibility that these hitherto "heretical" theories may become proven fact as the result of the Rossitten experiment gives an idea of the important issues involved. A pictorial map, illustrating the data hitherto gathered on the subject of the storks' migrations, will be found reproduced on "Our Note-book" page. A number of photographs of different kinds of storks, and some curious tokens of the reverence in which the bird is held in Europe, will be found on the page preceding.

(Continued opposite)

PLANTS WITH THEIR OWN WATER-SUPPLY: RESERVOIRS BOTH "CONCRETE" AND COLLAPSIBLE; AND RAIN-COLLECTORS.



A PLANT WITH A MEANS OF EXISTING THROUGH PROLONGED DROUGHTS: THE MEXICAN HEDGE-HOG CACTUS, WHICH EXPANDS ITS BIG CIRCULAR "BELLows" INTO A SPHERICAL RESERVOIR AFTER RAIN.



A PLANT WHICH LIVES WITH WATER-COLLECTING ROOTS IN AIR, AND WOULD DIE WERE THEY TO BE SET IN THE EARTH: THE EPIDENDRON ORCHID, WHICH FLOURISHES IN THE BRANCHES OF TREES IN BRAZIL.

The ingenuity and the capital devoted to the complex task of providing water for swarming city-dwellers find some curious parallels in the vegetable world. The great hedge-hog cactus of the Mexican desert, for example, has solved the problem of water-storage, by transforming itself into a great round ball with bellows-like seams all round. On the rare occasions on which the desert soil is wet with rain the plant swells up, after the manner of a portable geographical globe. Experiment has shown that the plant is capable of growing and blossoming for five years with no outside source of water. It has no leaves. Their spreading surfaces would evaporate water too quickly. Another means of storing water has been



A SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT PLANT WITH A "CONCRETE" RESERVOIR: THE HARD BULB "STORAGE TANK" OF *BOWEIA VOLUBILIS*, THROUGH A HOLE IN WHICH THE STALK OF THE PLANT SPROUTS.



A DESERT PLANT WHICH HAS PRACTICALLY CEASED TO GROW LEAVES IN ORDER THE BETTER TO PRESERVE ITS WATER-SUPPLY: *CEROPEGIA DICOTOMA*, IN WHICH THE THICK GREEN STEMS PERFORM THE ESSENTIAL FUNCTIONS OF LEAVES.

evolved by *Bowiea volubilis*, which builds itself an almost concrete-like reservoir. This reservoir is really a fleshy bulb in which the plant lies dormant for long periods. The Epidendron Orchid, seen here, has, so to speak, carried its austerities even further. It has learned to do without the earth as a source of food-supply as well as of water. Growing in the branches of trees, the roots hang downwards in the air and soak up rain and drips through a sponge-like outer layer. (In our photograph, the finger shows where the leaves end and the roots begin.)

THE DREAM BOOK OF MR. H. G. RAVEN-WELLS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME": By H. G. WELLS.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

CAN an Outline be outlined? "May we cram within this wooden O the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt?" It were possible, perhaps, if we could jump o'er times with ease, "turning th' accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass"; but the Outline that confronts us is 150,000-words Wells and it encloses to-day, to-morrow, and the days after to-morrow—the Age of Frustration; the World Renascence and the Birth of the Modern State; the Modern State Militant; and the Modern State in Control of Life. We can but echo: "Your humble patience, pray," and indicate—as inadequately as a sign-post tells the type of way to which it points—the nature of the "Shape of Things to Come" as revealed to Dr. Philip Raven by a History published in 2106 C.E. and projected back into his acute late-1930 brain during dreams between unconscious sleep and waking; as scribbled in straggling shorthand; and as now presented to the public by Mr. H. G. Wells, masterly disciple, editor—and alter ego!

Let it be said, then, that Dr. Raven's twenty-second-century commentator looks down from heights of justifiable complacency to what appear to him to be varying depths of stupidity. Writing in a world that is a single, all-satisfying unit, he reflects with wonder upon the almost incomprehensible futilities of those who dwelt upon the earth in the period immediately preceding the European War of 1914-1918; with astonishment upon the comparatively slow social progress made between the post-war period and that of the Basra Conferences of 1965 and 1978; with some surprise upon the actions subsequent to the real struggle for Government; with considerable satisfaction upon that Declaration of Mégève which was able to boast, in 2059, at the conclusion of the Second World Council: "The World-State now follows all the subordinate states it swallowed up to extinction; the supreme sovereign government, which conquered and absorbed all minor sovereignties, vanishes from human affairs. . . . This is the day, this is the hour of sunrise for united manhood. The Martyrdom of Man is at an end. From pole to pole now there remains no single human being upon the planet without a fair prospect of self-fulfilment, of health, interest, and freedom. There are no slaves any longer; no poor; none doomed by birth to an inferior status; none sentenced to long, unhelpful terms of imprisonment; none afflicted in mind or body who are not being helped with all the powers of science and the services of interested and able guardians. The world is all before us to do with as we will, within the measure of our powers and imaginations. The struggle for material existence is over. It has been won. The need for repressions and disciplines has passed. The struggle for truth and that indescribable necessity which is beauty begins now, unhampered by any of the imperatives of the lower struggle. No one now need live less nor be less than his utmost."

"We must respect the race and each other, but that has been made easy for us by our upbringing. We must be loyal to the conventions of money, of open witness, of responsibility for the public peace and health and decency: these are the common obligations of the citizen by which the commonweal is sustained. We must contribute our modicum of work to the satisfaction of the world's needs."

And, for the rest, now we can live. No part of the world, no work in the world, no pleasure, except such pleasure as may injure others, is denied us." The Modern State, world-wide, socialistic, serene, secure and creative, was in being. A little later, it was written: "The body of mankind is now one single organism of nearly two thousand five hundred million persons, and the individual differences of every one of these persons is like an exploring tentacle thrust out to test and learn, to savour life in its fulness and bring in new experiences for the common stock. We are all members of one body." The new pattern of living had been imposed on the race; by the pioneers, the propagandists, and the persuaded.

To the explanation of how this world-revolution was wrought (or will be wrought!), Dr. Philip Wells-Raven, or Mr. H. G. Raven-Wells, devotes four hundred and thirty-two pages; all of them thoughtful and inspiring; some of them sarcastic, some scornful, many hard-hitting, many informative, many constructive.

The ground covered is immense. Between them, the brilliant, deep-thinking, encyclopaedic Mr. Wells, who is very much alive, the nebulous, receptive Dr. Raven, who died in Geneva in 1930, and the dream historian who has yet to live, seem aware of every Movement that has been, is, and is to be. Observant, searching, stimulating, philosophical, they exhibit, discuss, and dissect statesmen and politicians; hereditary and elected rulers; the secret

Police of the Air and Sea Ways; and as it advanced towards the Air Dictatorship which some called the Puritan Tyranny.

Nothing under the sun is news to the trio of collaborators; little is unforeseen. That being so, the curious who are scanning the threatening skies for the clouds that presage the storm of War will learn, to their profit or their loss, according to their desires, that the next—and last—War Cyclone begins in 1940 and ends in 1949, thanks to a face-saving formula which avoids the provocative word "Treaty" and adopts "A Suspension of Hostilities."

"The drift to war in Europe became more powerful with the elimination of Japan and the United States from the possibility of intervention, and with the deepening preoccupation of Britain with Indian disorder and the Black Revolt in South Africa. The last restraints upon Continental hatreds had gone. The issues simplified.

"War came at last in 1940. The particular incident that led to actual warfare in Europe was due to a Polish commercial traveller, a Pole of Jewish origin, who was so ill-advised as to have trouble with an ill-fitting dental plate during the halt of his train in Danzig. He seems to have got this plate jammed in such a fashion that he had to open his mouth wide and use both hands to struggle with it, and out of deference to his fellow-passengers he turned his face to the window during these efforts at readjustment. He was a black-bearded man with a long and prominent nose, and no doubt the effect of his contortions was unpleasant. . . . The primary irritant seems to have been either an orange-pip or a small fragment of walnut. Unhappily, a young Nazi was standing on the platform outside and construed the unfortunate man's facial disarrangements into a hostile comment upon his uniform." Calling three fellow Nazis and two policemen to him, he boarded the train—and was pushed off. "Whereupon the young man who had started all the trouble, exasperated, heated and dishevelled, and seeing that now altogether intolerable Jew still making unsatisfactory passes with his hands and face at the window, drew a revolver and shot him dead. Other weapons flashed into action, and the miniature battle was brought to an end only by the engine-driver drawing his train out of the station. The matter was complicated politically by the fact that the exact status of the Danzig police was still in dispute and that the Nazis had no legal authority upon the



BOSTON.



MUNICH.



VIENNA.



LENINGRAD.



BOSTON.



MUNICH.



VIENNA.



LENINGRAD.

ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S "ST. LUKE DRAWING THE MADONNA": DETAIL FROM FOUR VERSIONS. (SEE PAGES 470 AND 471.)

On other pages, where we illustrate fully the Boston version of Rogier van der Weyden's "St. Luke Drawing the Madonna," we mention that four other versions of the picture are known. We give here detail from three of them alongside the Boston painting, so that our readers may compare the heads of the Virgin and Child and the Saint in their different forms.

Photographs by Karplus, Hanfstangl, and Bruckmann. Reproductions, except for the Boston Heads, by Courtesy of Sir Robert Witt.

war-seekers and the unashamed; the labourers for peace; individualists and cosmopolitans; teachers and taught; the generations of the darkness, of the half-light, and of the light. And, as fully, economics, over-production, and lack of jobs; science and health; Basic English; banking, the gold standard and financial crises; the air dollar representing distance, weight, bulk and speed, good for so many kilograms in so much space, so many kilometres at such a pace; and the energy dollar, good for units in transport, housing, and all the priced commodities handled by the Controls. With the Fighting Forties and the Famished Fifties; the dangers and idiocies of nationalism carried to extremes; the potentialities of internationalism intelligently conceived and administrated; challenging swastikas and kindred signs and symbols; Power-balancing and buffer countries, Powers, Powerlets, and the powerless. And especially the Air and Sea Control as it brought the Peoples nearer and nearer together, and closer in understanding, by the perfection of its Transport Union; as it held them in harmony when necessary by means of its

Danzig platform." Thus were the dogs of war unleashed from the Pyrenees to Siberia. Good will might have prevented this, but good will was wanting. "For eight years now the German mind had been working up for a fight over the Corridor, and the rearmament of Germany, overt and secret, had been going on. Both France and Poland had been watching the military recovery of Germany with ever-deepening apprehension, and the military authorities of both countries were urgent that a blow should be struck while they were still disproportionately stronger. . . . Now again Germany has 'asked for it' and Poland was leaping to the occasion. The War Offices pressed their bell buttons." Britain stood aloof!

Of a lesser affair, the historian of 2106 wrote: "We laugh now; it is all so impossible." Read "The Shape of Things to Come" and you also will see the absurdities in the System you have forgiven so often; you may laugh ruefully, but, having laughed, you may reform!—"How comes it to pass . . . that we appear such cowards in reasoning and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?"—E. H. G.

AN ORIGINAL OF ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S "ST. LUKE MADONNA" IDENTIFIED IN THE BOSTON VERSION.

(SEE ALSO

PAGE 469.)



DETAIL OF THE "ST. LUKE MADONNA" PARTIALLY CLEARED: THE HEAD OF THE VIRGIN—THE DARK PART BEING DISCOLORATION BY THE GREENISH-BROWN VARNISH SUPERIMPOSED; THE LIGHT PART SHOWING THE ORIGINAL COLOURING.



THE BOSTON VERSION OF ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S PICTURE, NOW IDENTIFIED AS AN ORIGINAL: THE PAINTING AFTER MOST OF THE DISCOLORATION HAD BEEN REMOVED, BUT BEFORE FINAL RESTORATION.



THE FIGURE OF ST. LUKE; SHOWING HOW ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S ORIGINAL PAINTING GRADUALLY CAME TO LIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE DISFIGURING VARNISH HAD BEEN REMOVED, BUT BEFORE FINAL TREATMENT.



ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S PICTURE OF "ST. LUKE DRAWING THE MADONNA": DETAIL SHOWING ST. LUKE AFTER RESTORATION OF THE PICTURE—TO BE COMPARED WITH THE ADJOINING REPRODUCTION.

Continued.
Helmut Ruhemann. The Director of the Boston Museum, Dr. Philip Hendy, had long been convinced that this version, which had been in the possession of his institution for thirty-five years, was an original; and in March 1932 he had it sent to the Berlin Museum, whose studio has a world-wide reputation for restoring paintings. The work of restoration took almost a year and a half. The picture

had been painted over in places, was covered with a greenish-brown varnish, and was also badly encrusted with dirt. Herr Ruhemann, using the utmost patience and care, removed one layer of paint after another, recording each step in writing and photographing every stage of the work. After all superimposed colours had been removed, it was found that the additions of later artists were happily greater



than the damage done to the original, all the important features of which had been preserved. The Madonna's robe, when the picture reached Berlin, was of an ugly greenish-brown tone, but restoration brought to light splendid blues, violets, and reds, in rich shades. With its contrast between warm and cold tones, the Boston Madonna now bears unmistakably the evidence of Rogier van der Weyden's technique, and there is now no dissent as to its authorship among the leading German authorities on this painter's work, such as Herr Max Friedländer. Of the other "St. Luke Madonnas," one is in the Pinakothek in Munich, one in a convent at Madrid, one in the Hermitage at Leningrad, and one in a private collection in Vienna. The picture was probably painted in about 1460.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"DINNER AT EIGHT."

THE successful stage-play by Mr. George S. Kaufman and Miss Edna Ferber, "Dinner at Eight," was predestined by its theme, as well as by its treatment, for screen adaptation. No better vehicle for an "all-star" cast could well be imagined than this episodic drama, nor can it be denied that the study of a group of people brought together by fortuitous circumstances, yet isolated in their tragedies and preoccupations, falls well within the scope of the kinema. I recall, indeed, the word "kinematic" occurring in more than one criticism of the play when it was triumphantly launched at the Palace Theatre, where, following hard upon its heels, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture seems likely to emulate that triumph. Comparisons between the stage and the screen version will inevitably be drawn. With these I am not concerned; or, rather, let me say, I am not concerned with the divergent and, in some cases, sharply contrasted conceptions of the main characters that result from totally different casting. It would, for instance, be futile to compare Miss Marie Dressler to Miss Laura Cowie in the part of the retired actress, though both, in their own way, filled in the outlines of their portraits with rich and glowing colours. Where comparison is justified is in the matter of the play itself; and here I must confess to disappointment. With all its kinematic possibilities, its exceptional opportunities for stellar exploitation, "Dinner at Eight"—which, I hasten to interpolate, is bound to be a box-office "winner"—is not a good picture. Its stellar exploitation is too intense.

The fact that it falls emotionally into watertight compartments, and that these compartments have lost in elaboration some of the well-knit balance of the stage-play, has a detrimental effect on the continuity, the even flow and steady *crescendo* of the drama. The play resolves itself into a series of "star-turns"; almost, I would say, a competition amongst the famous players of the screen. The public will rejoice in the glittering display of histrionics, and find endless food for discussion in the game of "picking the favourite." Yet the drama itself might have been better served by a sound but less conspicuous company, since the temptation to see what the great actor or actress will do with a part, irrespective of the whole, is difficult to avoid. In the case of "Dinner at Eight," we are not even encouraged to avoid it. The death of the ex-matinée idol, played by Mr. John Barrymore with somewhat too much emphasis, is prolonged until its poignancy is stifled in mere virtuosity; the quiet suffering of the shipping magnate, confronting his guests with his doctor's sentence of death ringing in his ears, swings into melodrama by the insinuation of additional acting opportunities for Mr. Lionel Barrymore; and there is altogether too much of the platinum-blonde Miss Harlow's strident petulance and alcove amenities.

The whole play, in short, has grown to over life-size, thereby getting out of focus. It returns to human dimensions here and there. Miss Marie Dressler, striding majestically through Miss Ferber's peep-show of private lives, is superb in her vitality and humanity. She is old, she is ugly—how attractively ugly!—yet she has all the *aplomb* of the erstwhile leading lady and the caustic wit, the compelling eyes, of *une maîtresse femme*. Absurd, a "back-number," nursing her double chins and her fluctuating finances, she can cry out in reminiscence: "I was a glorious creature then," and convince us that she was. Miss Dressler's genius blows through the picture's sumptuousness like a refreshing wind. Mr. Wallace Beery and Miss Harlow create a hearty whirlwind of their own

in their domestic bickerings, which they have no hesitation in working up to a slapstick brawl; and Mr. Lee Tracy uses his famous "dynamic" personality to dispel the heavy atmosphere in Mr. Barrymore's tragic hotel apartment, the scene of a star's *dégringolade*. I liked the restrained and intelligent work of Miss Karen Morley as the philandering doctor's understanding wife; but neither Mr. Edmund Lowe, who, as the doctor, is content to remain on the surface of his part, nor Miss Madge Evans, caught in the meshes of an ill-fated love-affair, nor Miss Billie Burke, incredibly arch in her social flatterings and domestic tribulations, wherein the dinner at eight finds its prelude and its punctuations, seems to have discovered the fundamental truth of their respective characters.

Mr. George Cukor's direction certainly provides the

ultra-polished, smoothly shimmering settings in which a galaxy of stars may be expected to feel at home; but his handling of each episode is leisurely, and lacks the impetus of the kinematic medium. It allows, however, plenty of rein to the individual actor, and that, after all, is the actual object of this entertainment; herein lies its chief appeal and its unquestioned drawing-power. Finally, I advise you to see this film, for it will provide a staple conversational dish for many months to come.

THE HIGHWAYS OF THE AIR.

British enterprise has been as slow in recognising the propagandist power of the screen as our film-industry has been reluctant to tap our rich stores of romance, sport, and industry for fictional purposes. But with the steady advance of British pictures, the growing importance of our studios and our contributions to the world-markets, a national awareness is gradually gaining ground. The story of our Empire air-routes has been waiting to be told for some considerable time. It is a tremendous story. A story full of endeavour, of pioneer work, of achievement. All credit is due to British Instructional Films for having tackled it, and to Imperial Airways for having realised that the kinema is the ideal advertiser.

Between them, and with the directional skill of Mr. Paul Rotha to translate the story into screen-terms, they have added a brief and vivid chapter on the subject of aerial transport to the library of educational films. "Contact," which came on recently at the Regal, is a record of Imperial Airways' routes from London to the Far

East, and from Cape Town back to London. Mr. Rotha spent a considerable time in collecting his material, flying to Karachi and then on to the Cape, "shooting" all the way, and returning with a vast pile of film to be cut and reassembled. The obvious and legitimate intention was, of course, to convey some idea of the natural beauties, the architectural treasures, the fauna and flora of the countries traversed by the giant aeroplanes. The result, however, is closely akin to the travel-pictures which have turned every stay-at-home kinema-goer into a globe-trotter and a big-game hunter. Magnificent camerawork, certainly. Bird's-eye views of ancient monuments—interspersed with *terra firma* "close-ups"—panoramic shots of startled game, of sea, swamp, and mountain. In short, an excellent aerial guide-book.

Meanwhile the air-liner *Atalanta* makes her presence felt by her shadow gliding swiftly over the sun-baked sand, or by her profile cutting ever and anon into the screen. Of the colossal ground organisation maintained all through Africa and the East—the firm basis, if I may put it so, of her flight—we see nothing at all. Nor of her landings, and of the system of ground signals employed for her nocturnal arrivals. I see a reference to all these aspects in the programme. Their inclusion would have been of inestimable value to the general knowledge of all that the conquest of the air as a means of travel actually entails. Their omission is much to be regretted, both from the dramatic and from the educational point of view; nor is to be excused on the grounds of undue length, for "Contact" is a short film. Mr. Rotha gives ample proof of his skill in infusing an urgent and thrilling quality into his subject by his masterly building up of the opening sequences. If he had been allowed to emphasise man's mastery of the air to the end of the journey—even if it meant supressing a Pyramid or two—"Contact" would have been a great picture. In conclusion, readers may recall that we reproduced a number of very fine "stills" from this film on a double-page in our issue of Aug. 12.



MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S NEW PLAY OF MATRIARCHY—"THE DISTAFF SIDE"—AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: MRS. VENABLES' DAUGHTERS CURTSEY TO HER AS THEY DID WHEN CHILDREN.

"The Distaff Side" presents a family with Mrs. Millward (Sybil Thorndyke) at its centre. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Haidee Wright as Mrs. Venables, a matriarch of matriarchs; Dora Barton as Miss Spicer; Margaret Carter as Theresa Venables; Robert Horton as Christopher Venables; Dorothy Holmes-Core as Mrs. Fletcher; Sybil Thorndyke; and Martita Hunt as Mrs. Frobisher.



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW PLAY—"SHEPPEY"—AT WYNDHAM'S: SHEPPEY, THE SWEEPSTAKE-WINNING BARBER (CENTRE; RALPH RICHARDSON); THE LADY OF THE STREETS (LAURA COWIE); AND SHEPPEY'S DAUGHTER (ANGELA BADDELEY) AND HER FIANCE (ERIC PORTMAN).

"Sheppery," which Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has announced as the last play he will write as a professional dramatist, concerns a hairdresser's assistant who has won a prize in a sweepstake. Instead of treading the easy road opened to him by his prize, he decides to use his winnings in relieving the lot of the unhappy, in truly Christ-like manner. Whether the world should judge him sane for doing so or should deem him mad is a problem left unanswered.

A SECOND-CENTURY ROMAN BURIAL AT COLCHESTER ; AND RELICS FROM KING CYMBELINE'S CAPITAL.



A ROMANO-BRITISH LADY'S GRAVE, EXPOSED BUT NOT DISTURBED : A SECOND-CENTURY BURIAL AT COLCHESTER ; THE ENTIRE GROUP ENCLOSED IN A LARGE AMPHORA ; A RED WARE JUG BESIDE IT.

DISCOVERIES of exceptional interest have been made of late by the Colchester Excavation Committee, under the direction of Mr. M. R. Hull, the Curator of the Colchester and Essex Museum. We illustrate here some of the most striking objects found. Those at the foot of the page belong to the late Celtic period, and were found on the site of the old Celtic town, the capital of Cunobeline, Shakespeare's Cymbeline. The other objects illustrated relate to the Roman period, and formed part of a remarkable grave-group (top left) of the second century A.D. All the objects in this grave, with the exception of one red ware jug, were enclosed in a large globular amphora. We may quote from a recent description in the "Times": "Clearly the grave was that of a wealthy Romano-British lady. The most remarkable of the contents of the amphora is a vase

[Continued below.]



SMALL METAL AND BONE OBJECTS FOUND INSIDE THE AMPHORA AT COLCHESTER ; INCLUDING TWO BRONZE BROOCHES OR FIBULE (TOP CENTRE), ONE IN THE FORM OF A DUCK, THE OTHER WITH TURNED IVORY KNOBS, BOTH UNIQUE ; AND (CENTRE) A SQUARE MIRROR.



ONE OF THE FINEST ART TREASURES OF ROMAN BRITAIN EVER FOUND : A CUP OF CASTOR WARE, WITH LID, ABOUT THREE INCHES HIGH, FROM THE AMPHORA ; WITH A DESIGN OF A LION HUNT IN RELIEF—HUMAN FIGURES ON CASTOR WARE BEING VERY SCARCE AND LIDS ALMOST UNKNOWN.



POTTERY FROM INSIDE THE COLCHESTER AMPHORA : A LARGE CINERARY URN THAT CONTAINED BURNT BONES ; TWO CASTOR WARE DRINKING-CUPS (LEFT) ; FOUR JUGS ; AND A BOWL OF SAMIAN WARE, ITS SHAPE DATING THE BURIAL AT C. 140-150 A.D.



TWO LYNCH PINS FOR BRITISH CHARIOTS : (LEFT) ONE OF BRONZE, WITH TWO DOGS' HEADS AND A DOLPHIN'S HEAD ; (RIGHT) AN IRON PIN, MAGNIFICENTLY FORGED ; AND (INSET) A SKETCH SHOWING THE FORMER PIN IN POSITION.

A BRONZE CAULDRON (GREATEST DIAMETER TWO FEET, CAPACITY FIFTEEN GALLONS) OF LATE CELTIC PERIOD, THE BEST EVER FOUND IN THIS COUNTRY—MADE OF THREE BRONZE PLATES RIVETTED TOGETHER : A FIND FROM CYMBELINE'S CAPITAL.



ONE OF THE HANDLES OF THE BRONZE CAULDRON, OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN DATING THE OBJECT AS OF THE LATE CELTIC PERIOD.

Continued. of Castor ware with a lid, about three inches high and a little wider [centre, left]. Round the body of this can be seen a design of a man fighting a lion, and a dog chasing a hare and a stag. Another large hound is chasing a stag round the lid. The whole of this design is executed in barbotine; that is, by pouring semi-liquid prepared clay out of a tube, much as icing is applied to a

wedding-cake. This industry (to which the name of Castor ware is applied from the Northamptonshire site where several kilns were excavated) was an adaptation by native British potters of classical ideas to their own stylistic conventions. It is known to have sprung up during the second century, and the present piece is not merely one of the finest, but also perhaps the earliest of dated examples."



THE ANCIENT ROMAN METHOD OF WEIGHING: STEELYARDS AND SCALES (*LIBRAE*)—A RECONSTRUCTION IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM, ONE OF THE FEW EXHIBITS IN MODEL FORM INSTEAD OF ACTUAL APPARATUS DISCOVERED.

THESE remarkably interesting examples of Roman machinery and construction are now on view in a wing of the Naples Museum devoted to Ancient Technology and Mechanics, organised by the Director, Professor Maiuri, aided by Cav. Luigi Iacono. This Neapolitan collection of mechanical appliances is unique in that most of them are actual relics of the past discovered at Pompeii or Herculaneum, with missing parts completed in wood, and shown in operation just as they were used some 2000 or more years ago. Only a few are models reconstructed from the originals, which, being too bulky for convenient

[Continued below.]

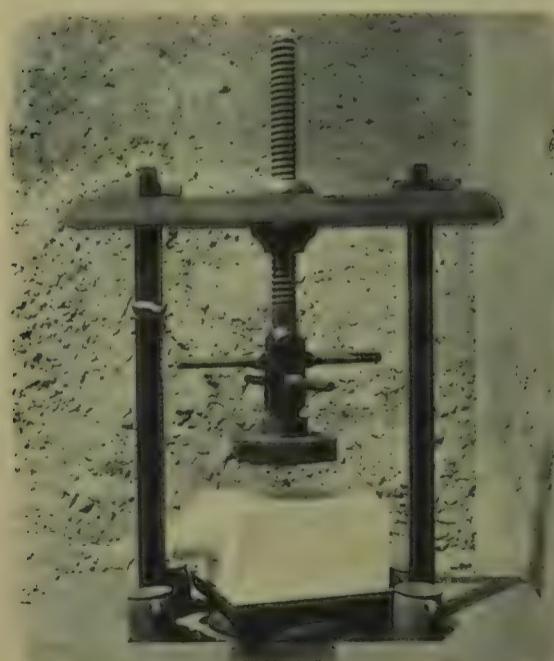
MECHANISM IN THE ANCIENT ROMAN WORLD: SCALES, FLOUR-MILLS, OLIVE-PRESS, AND FISH-POUND.



MACHINERY FROM A ROMAN MILLER'S ESTABLISHMENT: A GRAIN-MILL SHOWN IN OPERATION BY TWO ITALIAN BOYS REPRESENTING YOUNG SLAVES EMPLOYED ON SUCH WORK IN ANTIQUITY.



A MARINE FISH-POUND OF A TYPE MENTIONED BY CICERO AS A HOBBY OF ROMAN PISCICULTURISTS: A REPRODUCTION (ON A SCALE OF ONE-TENTH) OF A POND FOUND AT A ROMAN VILLA AT FORMIA, DIVIDED INTO COMPARTMENTS OF GEOMETRICAL DESIGN FOR BREEDING AND FEEDING FISH.



A ROMAN APPLIANCE FOR PRODUCING OIL: A HAND-PRESS (*TORCLAR*) FOUND IN AN OIL-FACTORY ON THE VIA DEGLI AUGUSTALI AT POMPEII.

Continued.]
transport, were left in the actual house, shop, or factory on the site where they were found. In the centre of the large court in the Museum grounds, instead of the customary fountain, is a faithful reproduction, on a scale of 1 in 10, of a marine *piscina* (fish-pond) at a sumptuous Roman villa of the Republican or Augustan age, at Formia. It is divided into geometrical figures, and the compartments are separated by metal net-work. "The supreme delight of the owners," says an Italian writer, "was to feed the fish with their own hands,



A HUSKING MACHINE TO SEPARATE GRAIN FROM BRAN: THE *PILUM TUSCUM-GRÆCUM*, COMBINING AN ETRUSCAN PESTLE WITH GREEK MECHANISM.



APPARATUS FROM A ROMAN BAKERY: A RUDICULA MULTIPLEX (MULTIPLE SPATULA) FOR KNEADING FLOUR MIXED WITH HOT WATER FROM A BOILER.

and Cicero humorously remarks: "Our friends the *piscinarii* (fish-fanciers) touch Heaven with their finger if a trout accepts a morsel from their hands." Other exhibits include scales, and apparatus for milling grain, bread-making, wine-pressing, and oil-production. The *pilum Tuscum-Græcum*, an Etruscan husking-pestle combined with Greek mechanism, found in a suburban villa at Pompeii, has elucidated obscure passages in Pliny and Plautus. The oil hand-press (*torcular*), has cleared up difficulties in the works of Roman writers on agriculture.

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIAL DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"AN OFF DAY."



"A LIVING-ROOM SOMEWHERE IN LAMBETH."

We here continue our series of drawings by Blampied—with two satirical works that might be called "Father in the Home"! Above, the head of the family—no mean student of form, maybe—is "out of sorts." Below we are admitted to the mysterious rites of a paternal bath-night!

THINGS SEEN BY THE CAMERA: HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A CINEMA IN A RAILWAY TERMINUS: THE "FUTURISTIC" FRONT OF THE "NEWS THEATRE" AT VICTORIA STATION.

What is claimed to be the first cinema ever constructed inside a railway terminus has just been completed in Victoria Station. The architect was Mr. Alister MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister. It is a news theatre, devoted to travel and educational films, and "shorts" of the "Mickey Mouse" variety. It is a complete cinema, with staircases, foyer, and seating for 240 people.



OPENED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK DURING THEIR VISIT TO SKYE: THE NEW HOSTEL AT PORTREE FOR STUDENTS FROM OUTLYING ISLANDS.

The Duke and Duchess of York, who were staying with MacLeod of MacLeod, at Dunvegan Castle, visited Portree, the island capital, on September 12, to open a new school hostel erected by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. This was the first official royal visit to the island for centuries. In a large marquee erected in the hostel grounds, the Duke of York addressed the gathering in a brief speech, declaring the hostel open. Later, the royal visitors walked to the hostel, where the Duke unlocked the main entrance.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MARYLEBONE, TRANPLANTED TO KINGSBURY, MIDDLESEX: THE STONES OF THE OLD CHURCH SORTED AND NUMBERED READY FOR REASSEMBLY ON THE NEW SITE. We illustrate here the unusual event of a church being pulled down in one parish and transported to another, to be rebuilt there. This occurred when the old church of St. Andrew's, in Wells Street, Marylebone, was dismantled recently, and all the stones, glass windows, and the carved reredos were transported to Kingsbury, a new suburb in North-West London. The church was consecrated in 1847. Perhaps a similar use might be made of some of the old City churches, where these have become redundant.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SCOTLAND: H.R.H. INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT BALATER STATION.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Balmoral Castle on September 18. Captain Lord Claud Hamilton (Equerry-in-Waiting to the King) was in attendance at Ballater Railway Station upon the arrival of His Royal Highness. The King's Guard of Honour of the 2nd Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), under the command of Captain D. F. Campbell, was mounted at the railway station.



THE CHANGE IN THE COMMAND OF THE HOME FLEET: H.M.S. "NELSON," THE FLAG-SHIP, PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORTSMOUTH, WHEN THE FLAG OF SIR WILLIAM BOYLE, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WAS FIRST HOISTED.

On September 12, at Portland, Admiral Sir John Kelly took leave of the Home Fleet, which he had commanded for two years. H.M.S. "Nelson," with Sir John Kelly on board, passed the ships of the Fleet in the Channel off Portland. The fleet was led by the "Renown," wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral W. M. James, the senior flag officer present. The crews were massed

on the upper decks, some 15,000 men, who cheered their retiring Admiral in succession. The "Nelson" was on her way to Portsmouth, where Sir John Kelly handed over his command to Admiral Sir William Boyle. Subsequently, the new commander-in-chief joined the Fleet at Portland, which, it was stated, he would take to sea for the first time on September 19.

DISASTERS OF THE AIR AND OF THE TRACK: CRASHES; A JUMP; AND FIRE.



THE ACCIDENT TO A NIGHT-BOMBER ON LANDING IN BROOKLANDS AERODROME: THE CRUMPLED WRECKAGE OF THE MACHINE, WHOSE PILOT WAS KILLED.

On the morning of September 16, before the 500-miles motor-race organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club had begun on the track, Flying-Officer Leslie Maurice Few, landing his twin-engined Virginia night-bomber, in order to refuel, overshot the aerodrome, with the result that his machine ran forward to the end of the flying field, toppled into a ditch, and was wrecked. The pilot was crushed under a dislodged engine and died. The four other members of the crew escaped with slight injuries. Flying-Officer Few was a Special Reserve Officer attached to No. 500 (County of Kent) (Bomber) Squadron, R.A.F.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO LADY CLAYTON EAST CLAYTON, WHO JUMPED FROM HER AEROPLANE WHEN IT WAS TAXI-ING UNCONTROLLED: THE OVERTURNED AND DAMAGED MACHINE.

On September 15, Lady Clayton East Clayton, widow of Sir Robert Clayton East Clayton, the explorer, and herself an explorer, died from injuries received when she fell from a light aeroplane in which she was about to make a solo flight at Brooklands. She was taxi-ing the machine into position, when she lost control of it, and jumped from it when it was moving at about fifty miles an hour. Her skull was fractured. It is thought that, alarmed at the mechanical mishap, she lost her nerve momentarily, and did not realise the speed at which her machine was travelling.



THE FATAL AEROPLANE CRASH IN WHICH GORDON RICHARDS, THE CHAMPION JOCKEY, WAS SLIGHTLY HURT: THE WRECKAGE OF THE MACHINE ON ARMTHORPE AERODROME, DONCASTER.

After the races at Doncaster on September 15, Gordon Richards was among those in a ten-seater aeroplane, piloted by Captain G. A. Pennington, which crashed into a hedge at the bottom of the field when taking-off to convey the party to London. The pilot was so injured that he died almost at once. Four of the seven passengers, including Gordon Richards, were slightly hurt. Next day Richards rode at Alexandra Park.

THE DISASTER TO MR. M. B. WATSON DURING THE 500-MILES RACE OF THE BRITISH RACING DRIVERS' CLUB: THE BLAZING CAR ON BROOKLANDS TRACK; FLAMES AND SMOKE RISING TO A HEIGHT OF THIRTY FEET.

During the 500-miles race organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club, which was won at Brooklands on September 16 by Mr. E. R. Hall, a supercharged M.G. Midget being driven by Mr. M. B. Watson caught fire, slewed broadside-on, and rolled over three or four times. The driver was thrown clear; but he was badly burned and his skull was fractured. He died in Weybridge Cottage Hospital the same night. Fortunately, following cars avoided the wreckage.

1900 INFLUENCES 1933: A RETURN TO A PERIOD THAT WAS LONG DERIDED.

FROM THE DRAWING BY SIMONT.



NEW VERSIONS OF OLD FASHIONS: THE FLOWING LINE, THE LARGE HAT, AND LONG GLOVES AS NOW FAVOURED BY THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

None can gainsay that the fashions of to-day owe much to those of 1900 and thereabouts, a period whose modes were much derided until recently. The long, flowing line, the belted waist, the large hat that partly hides the face, the long gloves, are but a modern version of the old: In fact, woman has

returned to the romantic note that was so lacking in the comparatively hard lines of the fashions of the past few years. Borzois, it may be added, are also very much in vogue; doubtless because their slim, long-lined beauty is in harmony with the femininity of woman's dress in 1933.

A CHALLENGE TO THE STATIC



The Springbok is an antelope—a lovely streamlined creature, strong and fleet-of-foot, a thing of grace and beauty.

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Full details of sailings and costs are embodied in our Special Booklet, "The Sign of the Springbok (B)," which will be sent gratis on request to The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



GENERAL GÖRING, PREMIER OF PRUSSIA, OPENS THE PRUSSIAN STATE COUNCIL; AND GIVES THE NAZI SALUTE. (LEFT, MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN, IN DEATH'S-HEAD HUSSAR UNIFORM.)

The new Prussian State Council, which takes the place of the former Prussian Parliament (suppressed by Herr Hitler), was opened on September 15 in the Aula of the Berlin University, by General Göring, Premier of Prussia. Great ceremony marked the occasion, and uniforms were much in evidence.



MR. ALFRED SUTRO.

The distinguished playwright. Died September 11; aged seventy. Author of "The Walls of Jericho" (1904), "The Perplexed Husband" (1911), "The Choice" (1919), "A Man with a Heart" (1925), and "The Laughing Lady" (1922).



MR. ERNEST BELL.

Chairman of the Board of Directors of Messrs. Bell, the publishers. Died September 14; aged eighty-two. A well-known promoter of humane work for animals, and a prominent vegetarian. An officer of many humanitarian societies.



THE "REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL" IN LONDON: A SESSION OF THE UNOFFICIAL "INTERNATIONAL LEGAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY."

The unofficial "Legal Commission of Inquiry" into the fire at the German Reichstag, brought together by the "World Committee for Victims of German Fascism," began its work in a room near the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand. Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., the Chairman, is seen in the centre background; with hand to face.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



LADY CHILSTON.

Wife of the new British Ambassador to Russia. Designer of the magnificent tapestry for Lancing College illustrated on this page. She designed the St. George panel in the lower chapel at Eton.



A BELGIAN OCCASION: PRINCE BAUDOUIN—AXE IN HAND—ABOUT TO LAUNCH A NEW STEAMER NEAR ANTWERP; WITH HIS MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF BRABANT.

The Duchess of Brabant is here seen standing beside her little son, Prince Baudouin, who is ready to cut the ribbon when launching, at Hoboken near Antwerp, the new cross-Channel steamer named after him. The Duchess of Brabant was formerly Princess Ingrid of Sweden.



THE GREAT TAPESTRY TRIPYCH DESIGNED BY LADY CHILSTON FOR LANCING COLLEGE: THE COMPLETED CENTRAL PANEL; AND THE DESIGNS FOR THE WINGS.

The hanging illustrated here was designed by Lady Chilston, and the weaving of the central panel was completed on September 11 at the old Morris tapestry factory at Merton Abbey. This panel is nearly 40 ft. high and 10 ft. wide. It represents Christ in Glory enthroned, attended by St. Michael and by St. Nicholas of Bari, the patron saint of children



CAPT. G. A. PENNINGTON.

Pilot of the aeroplane which was bringing back Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, from Doncaster. Was fatally injured when the machine collided with a hedge. (See Page 477.) Had been a distinguished war pilot.



MR. M. B. WATSON.

A driver in the 500-miles motor race at Brooklands on September 16. Died from his injuries when his machine overturned and caught fire, being thrown twenty yards, and his skull being fractured. (See Page 477.)



LADY CLAYTON EAST CLAYTON.

The traveller and explorer (widow of Sir Robert Clayton East Clayton), who was killed in an aeroplane accident on September 15. (See Page 477). She carried on her husband's efforts to find the lost Zerzura Oasis in the Libyan Desert.



THE EARL OF KERRY.

The son and heir of the Marquess of Lansdowne. Killed at Regent's Park Tube station on September 12, when he fell under a train. He was nineteen years old. He went to Eton in 1926, and went up to Balliol in January.



MR. E. R. HALL; WINNER OF THE 500-MILES RACE AT BROOKLANDS AT A SPEED OF 106'53 M.P.H.

The fifth of the 500-miles races organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club was won at Brooklands on September 16 by Mr. E. R. Hall. His average speed was 106'53 m.p.h.; and his net time 4 hours 42 min. 3 sec. Messrs. C. E. C. Martin and L. F. Welch were second; and Cyril Paul and Philip Turner, third. It was in this race that Mr. Watson met his death.

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AS writing-desks were a comparatively late development in English furniture (there were apparently none in the old Palace at Whitehall in the reign of Charles I.), it is not surprising that it was some time before the English silversmith turned his attention to inkstands. The earliest example known to Jackson, that indefatigable compiler of information about English silver, whose two large volumes are still practically our only work of reference, is one dated 1630, which must be classed as an oddity, for it bears no resemblance to any inkstand made since that time. It consists of two hollow receptacles, rather like candlesticks, for the pens: these are connected by a rod on which is perched a little Cupid, like a parrot on his ring; while below this are pots for ink and sand. This is, of course, a great rarity, and is jealously guarded, I am informed, in a private collection: as long ago as 1909 it was sold at Christie's at £80 per oz., or a total of £484.

I believe the earliest of the *normal* type known—of which Fig. 2 is a charming example—is dated 1680. There is, however, a large example at the Treasury, dated 1683, which is no doubt familiar to many readers of this page, for replicas in various sizes have long been popular as presents. Fig. 2, flatter, smaller, and to my mind rather more elegant, if less monumental, preserves this box type, with claw feet instead of a solid ball. It is dated 1699, and is by William Lukin, who, as it so happens, is also the maker of the second inkstand noticed by Jackson, which is neither more nor less than an adaptation of a seventeenth-century Italian chest, a point which escaped that specialist's notice. It seems evident that this attempt at originality had few imitators—if, indeed, it can be considered highly original to translate a dignified design intended to be carried out in walnut on a large scale into a silver object a few inches long; anyway, I don't think any other similar inkstand is known. No; this flat box type, with its convenient compartments and hinged double-lid, was evidently in favour over a long period, certainly from 1680 to well into the following century. What comes next is not the box, in which the various parts can be covered,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

SILVER INKSTANDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

but neither in these nor in larger articles can a craftsman escape from his environment, so that, even without the certain evidence of the date mark, one can guess pretty well within a decade the date of any particular piece.

The sober elaboration of Fig. 3, for example, points indubitably to the 1740's—both earlier and twenty years later the decoration would be just a trifle less exuberant: the whole design is very



I. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY INKSTAND OF EXCEPTIONAL LIGHTNESS AND GRACE; OF SILVER WITH CUT-GLASS RECEPTACLES, THE CENTRE ONE OF WHICH IS MISSING.
(DATE, 1781.)

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Crichton Brothers, Old Bond Street.

obviously borrowed from what was then fashionable across the Channel, and, indeed, reminds one in a less fantastic way of the experiments which Chippen-

alone. It is not merely a matter of deciding to what degree French influence in eighteenth-century taste was due to the presence in England of skilled French workmen (I should be inclined to say that they merely catered for a demand which was imposed upon them by their customers), but how soon and to what extent they were able to identify themselves with the ordinary life of their times. Such an enquiry would need a great deal of leisure, and a capacity for

a search of parish registers, Goldsmiths' Hall records, and such-like evidence which is denied to most of us. I should feel inclined to wager that a very considerable proportion of English silversmiths of the second half of the eighteenth century would be found to conceal behind an Anglicised name French Protestant forbears.

The tray type of Fig. 3 often had three receptacles, not two; and sometimes a bell instead of a third. The bell seems to have been the fashion for about thirty or forty years after about 1715, and after that is found no more for many years; but why it lasted so long, and why it fell out of favour, nobody can explain. (I should add that since writing this sentence I have seen two examples of the reign of George IV., each with a bell.) The more usual type has three receptacles: to have four, as in Fig. 4, is unusual and later. Apart from obvious differences of style, the later inkstands have silver-topped glass bottles instead of solid silver receptacles. The silver-collector presumably pays little attention to these glass containers, though, logically, they should enhance the value of the piece if they are original, for the later eighteenth century produced the very finest cut glass, as has more than once been noted on this page; but, as your typical collector is rarely logical, perhaps it is hardly worth while pointing this out. (Here is an instance of the collector's extraordinary lack of logic and his capacity for admiring something for the wrong reason. I have just been shown a singularly beautiful early sixteenth-century chalice. Without a date mark, I am informed, this would be worth £60; as it is, with a well-defined mark for the year 1535, it is worth nearly £2000! Why should a mere mark, adding nothing to its aesthetic quality, have such an effect upon the value?)

On the whole, the very simple boat-shaped tray of Fig. 1 is the most original of these illustrations. It was presumably an attempt on the part of the unknown maker to economise in metal, and yet produce something fine. With Fig. 4,



2. A SILVER INKSTAND DATING FROM 1699 AND TYPICAL, IN DESIGN, OF THE EARLIEST ENGLISH EXAMPLES KNOWN: A PIECE OF SILVER MADE BY WILLIAM LUKIN, ON A VERY PRACTICAL MODEL LONG IN FAVOUR IN THIS COUNTRY, SHOWN WITH THE LID CLOSED AND OPEN.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. S. J. Phillips, New Bond Street.

dale was then carrying out in his cabinet-maker's workshop—experiments many of which had their origin in the same source. Perhaps it is not out of place to point out here that the maker, Feline,

was presumably of French extraction, like so many of his brethren in the craft; indeed, quite a number of apparently English silversmiths were of Huguenot origin—for example, George Lambert, who emigrated first to Norwich and then came to London, where his name is still to be seen in conjunction with that of Harman. The whole subject of French emigration to this country after the Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and more especially in the opening years of the eighteenth century, offers a rich and almost unexplored field to the enthusiast for antiquarian research in the little world of the silversmith



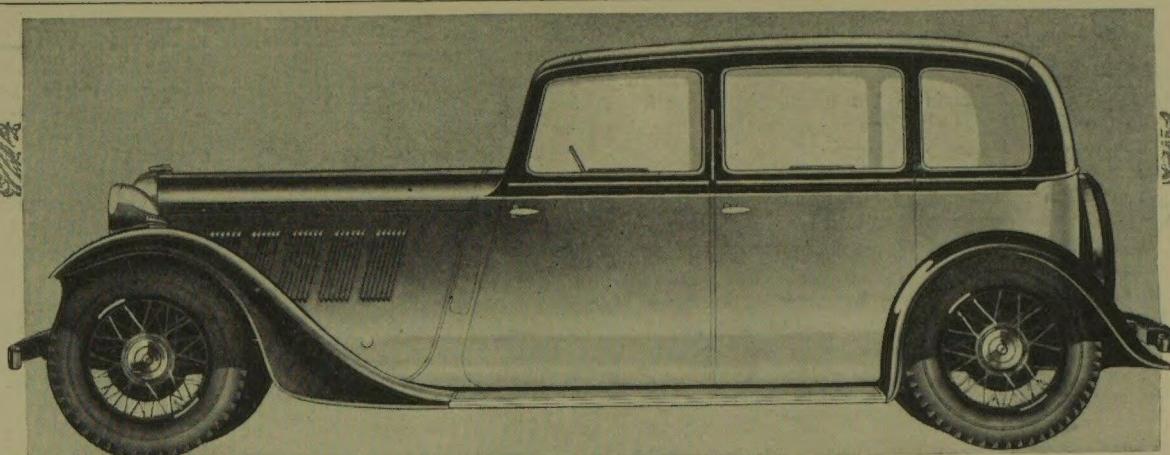
3. ANOTHER SHAPE TAKEN BY THE TRAY TYPE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY INKSTAND, DATING FROM 1746: A DESIGN WHICH IS INSTINCT WITH THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SPIRIT, AND IS BY FELINE, A SILVERSMITH WHO MAY WELL HAVE BEEN OF FRENCH EXTRACTION HIMSELF.—[Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. S. J. Phillips.]

but the tray, with or without a depression for pens, and separate pots for ink, sand, wafers, etc. At first sight, there seems uncommonly little to say about such ordinary and useful adjuncts of a writing-table,



4. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER INKSTAND—UNUSUAL IN HAVING FOUR RECEPTACLES: AN AUSTERE RECTANGULAR DESIGN, DATING FROM 1793, WHICH IT IS INTERESTING TO COMPARE WITH THE EARLIER EXAMPLE SEEN IN FIG. 3. (11½ IN. LONG; MAKER, HENRY GREENWAY.)—[Reproduction by Courtesy of Crichton Brothers, Old Bond Street.]

with its nicely reeded edges and classic feet, we are back again in the great eighteenth-century tradition—as good a thing in its convention of straight lines as is Fig. 1 with its flowing curves.



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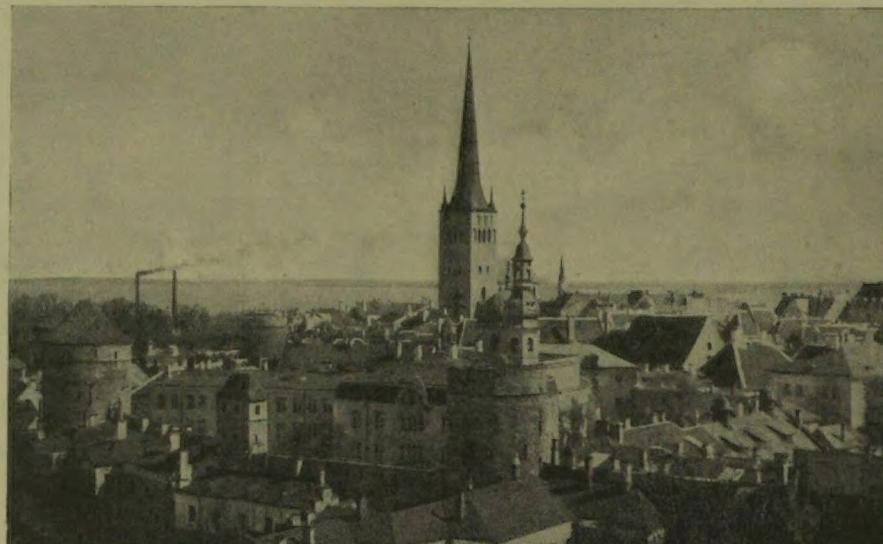
"SHEPPEY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

SHEPPEY was the nickname of a hairdresser's assistant, and when he won some eight thousand pounds in an Irish Sweep, he developed a hitherto unsuspected passion for benevolence. But his was the charity that did not begin at home. Instead of providing his hard-working wife with domestic help, or assisting his daughter in her marriage plans, he insisted on adopting an undeserving and protesting street-walker, and a Cockney who boasted he would rather get the money for his beer dishonestly than honestly. No wonder the family called in a celebrated alienist with a view to having Sheppeny certified as insane. A bitter, discontented play this, that will leave the average playgoer wondering what lesson it is desired to teach, or what particular vice it seeks to flagellate. For this reason it is certain to provoke discussion, and undoubtedly it holds the attention throughout. Finely acted. Mr. Ralph Richardson was excellent in the title rôle. Miss Laura Cowie was a street-walker to the life, and later displayed dignity as the angel of death. Miss Angela Baddeley was the perfect shopgirl type, and Miss Cicely Oates ideal as the self-sacrificing mother.

"NICE GOINGS ON," AT THE STRAND.

Why Mr. Douglas Furber chose Scandinavia as the *locale* for his rollicking musical comedy is a question that can be answered with a "Why not?" The action might, for any attempt at local colour, have passed in Shepperton or Southend. However, the real point is that it is as high-spirited a piece of nonsense as any laughter-lover could wish. The plot, which shows Mr. Leslie Henson blackmailing his superiors in an effort to obtain promotion in his office, enables him to assume a variety of disguises. He is uproariously funny, whether as a conjurer

drawing bouquets from the startled Mr. Robertson Hare's mouth, imitating, with profuse perspiration, Louis Armstrong, the negro trumpeter, or just being his usual nimble self. A long rest from musical comedy has sent him back at the very top of his form. Some of the jokes may not be new, as when Mr. Henson, after a night out, surveys his face in a hair-brush and decides he wants a shave, but they are all undeniably funny. Mr. Henson is supported by an exceptionally clever company of comedians. Mr.



TALLINN (THE FORMER REVAL) : THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF PORT OF ESTONIA.

Here are seen a number of Tallinn's picturesque buildings, grouped on high ground about the Church of St. Olai, and part of the old city walls, with towers of grey stone, some roofed with red-brown tiles.

Photograph by Krauts.

Robertson Hare's pathetically bewildered face caused roars of laughter before he had so much as opened his mouth. Miss Sydney Fairbrother scored as the leader of a purity brigade, while Miss Zelma O'Neal was a dashing soubrette. Mr. Arthur Schwartz's score was sufficiently tuneful, and the lyrics by Douglas Furber and Frank Eyton, well-turned. Dances well arranged by Mr. Buddy Bradley. Altogether, excellent light entertainment.

NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK :

A CRUISE TO THE NORTHERN CAPITALS.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

ONE of the most interesting of the many pleasure cruises this summer has been the one to the Baltic and the Northern Capitals, as I can testify, having just returned from a three weeks' cruise on the *Stella Polaris*, of the B. and N. Line, in the course of which we visited no fewer than ten of the capitals or very important ports of Northern Europe—Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Leningrad, Reval (or Tallinn, as it is termed now), Riga, Danzig (and Zoppot), Gdynia (the new Polish port for the much-talked-of Polish Corridor), and then passing through the exceedingly interesting Kiel Canal, Hamburg, thus affording an opportunity of witnessing the effect upon that great German port of the Hitlerite régime. There was a glimpse, too, of the very historical port of Visby, the capital of the island of Gotland, with its ruins of eleven mediæval churches and its ancient city wall with thirty-seven massive towers, the only fortification of its kind that has survived in Northern Europe; of the Estonian islands of Dago and Oesel; and of the Danish islands of Bornholm, Falster, and Laaland; and the time allowed ashore (nearly two whole days) in the more important places, such as Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Leningrad, enabled one to see a good deal of these cities, and to make short

motor-trips into the country surrounding, also to witness something of their night-life: for instance, the Russian Ballet in Leningrad, the famous pleasure-gounds of the Tivoli in Copenhagen, Royal Opera in Stockholm, and drama at the National Theatre in Oslo. Altogether, it was a cruise of unusual interest, and one which had an exceptional attraction through its visits to places which are mostly unfamiliar to the average British holiday-maker.

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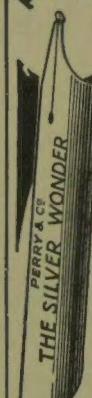
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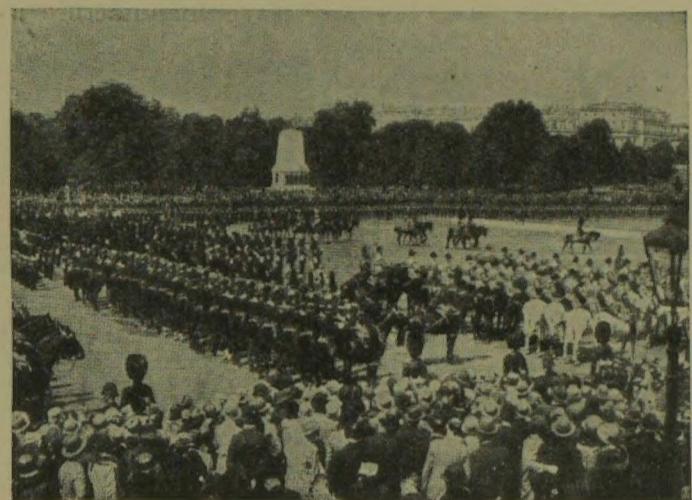
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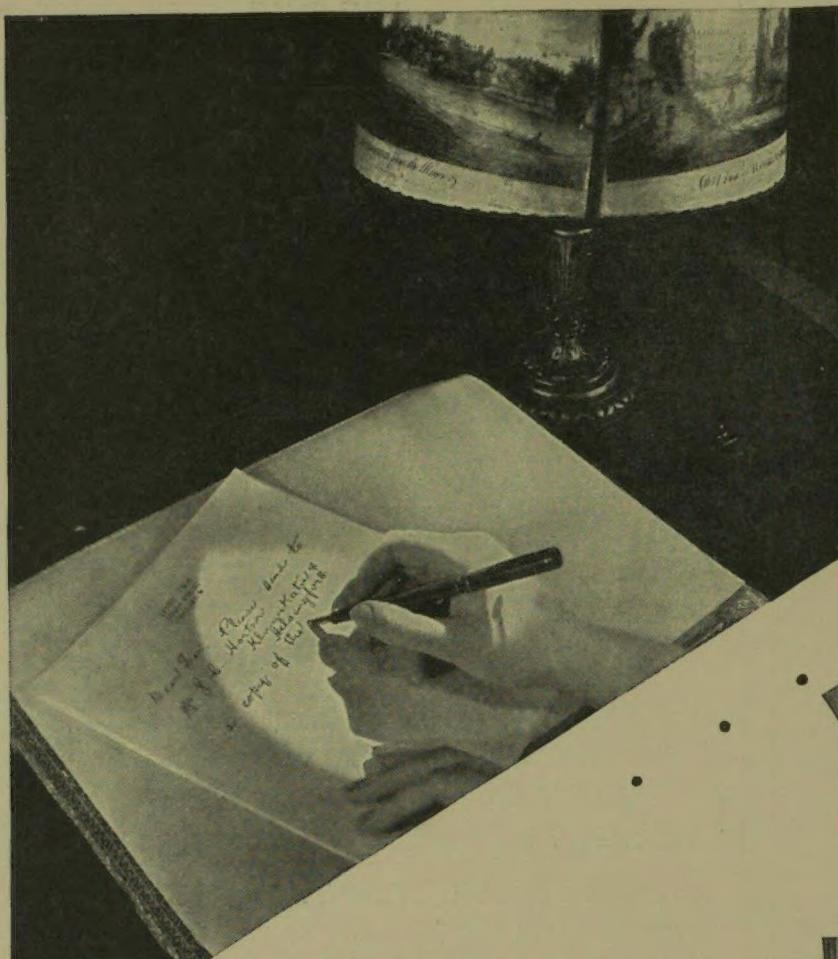
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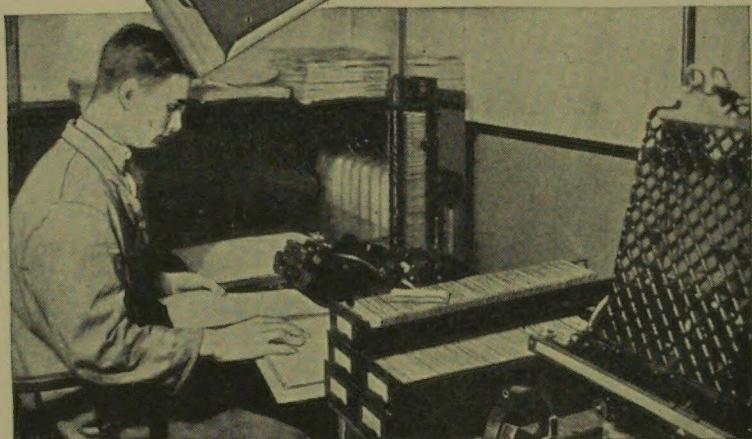
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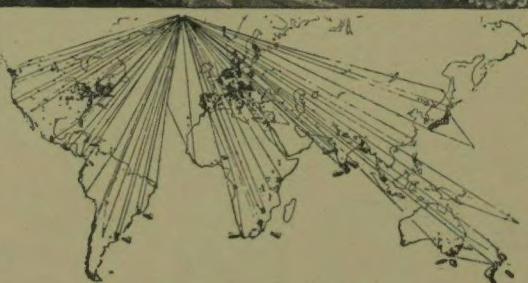
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